

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

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HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, MARCH 30, 1899.

NUMBER 45.

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**Winchester Bank,**  
WINCHESTER, KY.  
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Paid up Capital, \$200,000.00.  
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This Bank solicits the accounts of mer-  
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## KENTUCKY KERNELS.

Maj. J. Embury Allen defeated Capt. W. H. May for state senator in Fayette Thursday.

Jane Tillman, colored, was shot and killed by her lover, Chas. Williams, at Clayville, a suburb of Paris.

Georgetown college has secured the services of Frank Barrett, of Princeton, to coach its base ball team.

The state commissioner of agriculture announces that the supply of garden seeds for distribution has been exhausted.

The members of the labor organizations of Louisville are justly indignant over the mayor's veto of the ordinance providing for union labor on the streets.

The Winchester Democrat says that M. Simon, of that city, has purchased \$8,000 worth of skins caught in Clark county, including many skunks.

Wm. G. Casbier, of Nelson, was struck by an Illinois Central freight train at Nortonville, and had his skull badly fractured. He was drunk and lying on the track.

Mr. Thomas J. Wathen, of Louisville, has an up-to-date little dog, by the name of John Spitznoodle that chews gum like a regular school girl and enjoys it immensely.

The Hon. Jas. D. Black, the well known Eastern Kentucky Democratic leader, will not be a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination as has been stated by some newspapers.

Two Mormon elders are proselyting in Estill county. They have been holding a revival near Winston, and it is said that a farmer named Newman has gone daft over their doctrine.—Richmond Register.

The Oldham circuit court adjourned after a term of four days. The docket was the lightest for years, there being no cases of any importance. The grand jury adjourned Thursday after returning 14 indictments.

Henry Williams, for 30 years a member of Saxton's band at Lexington, has been adjudged a lunatic. While playing at Woodland park last summer he was overcome by heat, and has since been in bad health.

Suit has been filed in the Franklin circuit court by Robert Taylor, colored, against the Western Union Telegraph Company for \$1,750. Taylor, while in the employ of the company fell from a hand car and mashed his foot.

Thomas Stubblefield, who was shot by Joe Hammonds, died Friday at Mayfield, on the 20th. The remains were taken to Calloway county for burial. Hammonds is being held and will be indicted by the grand jury next sitting.

In the Breckinridge circuit court Friday, Asa Gilbert was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years for stealing a bed tick; James Spicer, Calloway Spicer and Will Spicer two years for hog stealing, and Patrick Hallon two years for manslaughter.

To the federal army in the civil war Kentucky furnished five major generals and sixteen brigadier generals. To the Confederate army she furnished one general, Albert Sydney Johnson, two lieutenant generals and thirteen brigadier generals.

The Warwick distillery at Richmond, Madison county, owned by Burnham & Bennett, the W. S. Hume distillery, in the same county, and the Old Bourbon Distillery near Paris, were acquired by the Kentucky distilleries and warehouse companies last week.

Milton Young, of Lexington, will place a handsome marble slab over the grave of his great horse, Hanover, which had to be chloroformed Thursday, bearing this inscription: "Hanover, chestnut horse, foaled 1884, died March 23, 1899. First in war, first in peace."

Democratic politicians in Breckinridge county are quietly circulating a petition to hold a special election for the purpose of electing three special commissioners to administer the financial affairs of the county. These commissioners are intended to supersede the magistrates who are now in control.

Judge Parker, of the Fayette circuit court, over-ruled the motion for a new trial in the case of Squire W. J. McNamara recently convicted and sentenced to three years in the pen for shooting a negro soldier named Knickerbocker. The case will be appealed and if the higher court refuses to interfere with the verdict McNamara will have to serve his time.

There is a strong probability that the Third Kentucky infantry will be brought either to Fort Thomas or Bowling Green to be mustered out before the end of April. Preparations had been made at the War Department to muster them out at Savannah, but such strong pressure is being brought to bear that it is believed that the adjutant general will be prevailed to yield a point in this case.

The following persons filed voluntary petitions in bankruptcy with Clerk Chapman, of the United States district court, at Frankfort, Saturday morning: John H. Mason, Grassy, Montgomery county; liabilities, \$18,463.75, no assets; Turner & Hazelrigg, attorneys; J. M. Johnson, High Bridge, Jessamine county, liabilities, \$1,111.54, no assets; D. P. Young, attorney; James F. Mason, Mt. Sterling, liabilities, \$4,755.50, no assets.

**The Eagle, King of All Birds,**  
is noted for its keen sight, clear and distinct vision. So are those persons who use Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve for weak eyes, styes, sore eyes of any kind or granulated lids. Sold by all dealers at 25 cents.

"The oldest inhabitant" didn't answer at roll call Tuesday morning, but all with whom we talked said it rained harder Monday night and Tuesday morning than ever before within their recollection.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

## Current Against Mr. Goebel.

Herald, Lexington, Kentucky, March 13, 1899.—The nomination of Emmett Orr, in Owen county, and of Judge Lafferty in Harrison county, with a reliable Democratic majority is very significant. Each is a very large and important county, with a reliable Democratic majority, each overwhelmingly for free silver, the Chicago platform and Mr. Bryan. While Owen is in this Congressional district, yet all its business connections are with Covington and Cincinnati and the adjoining counties on the east and north are in the Covington district; Harrison is in the Maysville congressional district, but likewise its connections are with Covington, and it was for many years in the congressional and judicial districts with Covington. Mr. Orr is known to be an open, decided and able opponent to Mr. Goebel and his victory is an anti-Goebel victory, and renders the action of Owen in the gubernatorial race certain. Claude Desha, who was beaten by Judge Lafferty, had made an excellent representative, a deservedly popular gentleman, a member of a most influential family, an admirable campaigner and an attractive and strong campaign speaker; and yet he is defeated by a decided majority. It is reported that the cause of this defeat is the support of Mr. Goebel by Mr. Desha, and this victory is an anti-Goebel victory. The same causes which decided these contests operate in all other counties. The Democracy of Owen and Harrison represents the most intense type of the Bryan Democracy, and when these results are added to what happened at the Hopkinsville convention, it seems to indicate that the current is running against Mr. Goebel. And if the impression becomes general that he will be beaten that impression will defeat him. In these counties the nominations were made by primary election. The friends of Mr. Goebel claim that they will have the advantage in mass meetings where the manipulation of the "machine" is easier carried out. This may be so. Mass meetings have been so manipulated as to stifle the voice of the large majority and give success to the compact, skillful and audacious minority.

## Weak Eyes Are Made Strong.

dim vision made clear, styes removed and granulated lids or sore eyes of any kind speedily and effectually cured by the use of Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It's put up in tubes, and sold on a guarantee by all good druggists.

## May be Nominated on First Ballot.

The supporters of Gen. Watt Hardin are feeling jubilant over his prospects for the gubernatorial nomination. They declare that the Mercer statesman has gained ground so rapidly in the past few weeks his nomination is certain. In fact they say that they will not be surprised if he goes into the convention with enough instructed votes to win on the first ballot. Well posted politicians from the first, second, third and fourth districts claim that Gen. Hardin will carry nearly every county in them. Captain Stone will receive the instructions of several of them, his own and some of the adjacent counties, but his support will finally go to Gen. Hardin. Senator Goebel is not credited with a single county in the districts mentioned, and it is claimed that he will not have the solid backing of any congressional district in the state, unless it should be the fifth. It looks like the Kenton statesman ought to be supported by all of the counties in his own congressional district, but he is not conceded even that much. It is improbable that a politician of Senator Goebel's reputed shrewdness would let any of these counties escape. Still the friends of Gen. Hardin have received such gratifying reports from every portion of the state they have some grounds for claiming that he will carry some of the counties that, under ordinary circumstances Senator Goebel could count upon. The way things are going the race for governor promises to be a tame affair in the convention. It looks like there will be no struggle for the nomination, and if there is to be any exciting times at all, the contests for the other nominations, not that for governor, will provoke them.—Danville Advocate.

## None Better in Eastern Kentucky.

The Hazel Green Herald made its appearance last week after a suspension of two months, caused by the serious illness of its editor, Mr. Spencer Cooper. There is no better paper than THE HERALD published in Eastern Kentucky, and The Democrat is glad to welcome Spencer back to the fold again.—Winchester Democrat.

I have been afflicted with rheumatism for fourteen years and nothing seemed to give any relief. I was able to be around all the time, but constantly suffering. I had tried everything I could hear of and at last was told to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I did, and was immediately relieved and in a short time cured. I am happy to say that it has not since returned.—JOSH. EDGAR, Germantown, Cal. For sale by J. T. Day.

## SEVEN INCHES OF RAIN

Has Fallen This Month—Farmers Have Been Delayed, But There is Great Promise of an Abundant Crop.

The rainfall of the month up to the 20th, has been nearly seven inches. Not one ounce of fallow land has yet been turned in Central Kentucky—or, if turned, it was to the injury of the soil, and detriment of the intended crop. Much hemp is yet unbroken, few plant beds are prepared, and all seasonable work is delayed. Farmers are growing restive, but such conditions are quite usual in March, and it is assuring to note that after these enforced delays, April generally compensates with much favorable weather. In the past twenty years nine times the precipitation in March has exceeded five inches and in eight of these years the month following has been so conducive to farm work that all preparing, planting and sowing was completed in ample time to insure full crops. In 1897 the full rains of March were continued into April. The precipitation of that month was 5.92 inches and the initial work of pitching the crop only began in earnest after the snow storm of May 2. From that date for four months the weather clerk was on good behavior, dispensing favors satisfactory to the divergent needs of the tobacco planter and the haymaker. The fervent sun stimulated into luxuriance corn and hemp, while the brisk breezes and cooler nights equally fostered grass, grain and meadows. It was a year that opened with much grumbling and ended with great rejoicing. In fact, most of the banner crops of the past twenty years have been made in those backward seasons.

It is now only reasonable to assume that when spring, long delayed, does come, it has come to stay; but an examination of records of the weather shows that the assumption is beyond question. The reason that the crops following late springs are prone to be so satisfactory, arises from the fact that when seeds are committed to the earth and germinate at once, making uninterrupted and vigorous growth, they not only have more inherent capacity for productiveness, but that immunity from disease and insect depredation that attack too low vitality. This law is perfectly understood as applying to the higher domain of life, and "the stunted calf is not expected to make a thrifty steer."

They are just now disposed to chafe because they can do nothing and the usual time of their work is at hand; but they not only have a promise of a seed time, but the added demonstration that the delay of that time is more apt to work to our advantage than otherwise. Plowing the damp soil and casting seeds into the mud is the wasting of opportunity. There is a chosen time for all things, but for preparing land and sowing seed that time is not yet. Patience will bring a perfect reward.—Lexington Herald.

## Thanks, Mr. Turner, For This Tube-Rose.

"The Beattyville Enterprise, Clay City Chronicle and Hazel Green Herald are no more forever," chirrup the Jackson Hustler, and the Hustler knows not whereof it speaks. While the first two publications sleep beneath the peavines on their native heaths, THE HERALD is still doing business at the same old stand the brightest, the best and most widely quoted paper that ever disseminated knowledge and good cheer to the clever people who live and have their being in the land where towering mountains climb to receive the first kiss of the morning's sun.—Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat. Thanks, Squire, you are a brick.

## Lung Irritation

is the forerunner to consumption. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will cure it, and give such strength to the lungs that a cough or a cold will not settle there. 25 cents at all good druggists.

## An Advertising Story.

A story is told of an old bachelor who bought a pair of socks, and found attached to one of them a slip of paper with these words: "I am a young lady of 20 and would like to correspond with a bachelor with a view to matrimony." Name and address were given. The bachelor wrote and in a few days received this letter: "Mamma was married 20 years ago. The merchant you bought those socks from evidently did not advertise or he would have sold them long ago. Mamma handed me your letter and said possibly I might suit you. I am 18 years old."

## Can't Carry His Own County.

It is stated that Senator Goebel cannot possibly carry his own district and will have a hard fight to carry his own county.—Cynthiana Democrat.

Commissioner Moore asks THE HERALD to say that he has no more free garden seed on hand. The report of the purchase of \$10,000 worth for free distribution was untrue. The real amount expended was \$728.75.

## Winchester Gets The Convention.

The Third railroad district committee met in Lexington, March 8th, and issued a call for a convention to nominate a Democratic candidate for railroad commissioner from this district. The convention will be held in Winchester on Wednesday, April 26.

There are forty counties in the district of which Clark is one, and our Democrats should not forget the time and place for selecting the delegates and be on hand.

The following is the official call in full:

"Resolved, That a district convention shall be held in the Third railroad district in Kentucky on Wednesday, April 26, 1899, for the purpose of nominating a Democratic candidate for railroad commissioner in said district. Said convention will meet in the city of Winchester at 1 o'clock p. m. Delegates to said convention shall be chosen at county mass conventions to be held at various county seats in the district at 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, April 15, 1899.

"That the basis of representation from each county to the district convention shall be one delegate for every two hundred votes and each fraction over one hundred votes cast for the head of the Democratic electoral ticket at the presidential election in 1896.

"That all known Democrats and others who will pledge themselves to support the nominee of said district convention shall be entitled to participate in the county convention to select delegates. J. M. LASSING, Chairman. SOUTH TRIMBLE, Secretary.

## A Brother in Need.

THE HERALD has not been issued since January 19th for the reason that the editor was physically unable to attend to any part of the work of getting it out, and at one time his physician and friends doubted if he ever would be out again. Thanks, however, to a most merciful Providence, a good physician and careful nursing, he is now in a fair way to become himself again. The loss of time and the non-appearance of THE HERALD have made an incessant strain upon our resources and we earnestly appeal now to all who are friendly to the paper or us personally, to come forward and help us by renewing their subscriptions, by advertising or with their job work. Any and all assistance will be gratefully appreciated and reverently remembered, and the time to help us is NOW.—Hazel Green Herald.

Too often it is the case when an editor of a country newspaper or a printer, who has been at death's door, it is insinuated that the illness is the result of drunkenness, and the unfortunate invalid fails to receive the sympathy and support due from the people of the community.

In Brother Cooper's case we take the pleasure in saying, he is deserving and the disease under which he so long suffered is common among the most temperate people, and it is the duty of every reader of THE HERALD who owe for it, to pay, not away off in the next century, but NOW, as Brother Cooper says. By experience we know he needs every dollar due him, and he should have it and have it NOW.—Morgan Messenger.

The editor of this paper would like to meet the business men and all interested in the material prosperity of our town in a body. When shall it be?

## Grim Grip's Deadly March

Deals Death and Destruction to Many.

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Louisville Terrorized by the Awful Scourge. All Great Centers of Population Affected.

The depressing effects of the present epidemic of Grip are apparent everywhere. Teachers, clerks, business men, mechanics laborers, street car drivers, school children, police officers and even the doctors all furnish victims by the hundreds.

No remedy yet discovered can show results equal to Dr. Miles Restorative Nervine. It quickly overcomes the excessive exhaustion, invigorates the appetite and assists nature to throw off the deadly microbes from the system. In times of epidemic like the present it should be taken as a preventive of disease.

"Grip had left me a physical wreck; weak, helpless and miserable. I could not eat; could not sleep; could not gain any strength, and had nervous prostration of the worst kind. Our home physician could not help me and I commenced using Dr. Miles Nervine. The first night's sleep that I had had in four months came as the result of two first doses. When I had taken two bottles I felt better than I had before in years, and continued to improve until I was entirely cured."

ELI WOODARD, Plymouth, Ills.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## FREEDOM.

I care not who were vicious back of me,  
No shadow of their sins on me is shed.  
My will is greater than heredity;  
I am no worm to feed upon the dead.

My face, my form, my gestures and my voice  
May be reflections from a race that was;  
But this I know, and, knowing it, rejoice:  
I am myself, a part of the Great Cause.

I am a spirit! Spirit would suffice,  
If rightly used, to set a chained world free.

Am I not stronger than a mortal vice  
That crawls the length of some ancestral tree?

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Woman's Home Companion.

## Saved by a Woman

"WHO'S there?"  
"Are you the English prisoner?" was the response, in a low, musical whisper, with a dash of Americanism in it.

"I am—and you?"  
Although there was no verbal reply to this, my attention was attracted the next moment by—, but I anticipate.

It was an oppressively close evening in 1870, when (a self-appointed war correspondent) I was deposited at the little railway station of Mulheim, in the Black Forest. It came about in this way: I was on a long vacation ramble in Switzerland when the declaration of war between France and Germany startled Europe. I had no sooner heard the war cry than I sent telegrams to several London and one or two continental papers, announcing my willingness to represent them at the front with pen or pencil, or both.

It was Lord Beaconsfield who said: "The seizure of opportunity is the secret of success." This, at least, was the turning point in my somewhat eventful career, when, repacking the knapsack with which I was provided for mountaineering purposes, I left Lausanne—via Basle—for Mulheim, there to await the arrival of the next train for Sarbruck, where the French and German armies were concentrating. It was while thus waiting that I realized the focussing of many eyes upon me. A soldierly sergeant of a Baden regiment and several local luminaries, including the station master, all glared at me with undisguised curiosity.

"Your passport," said the sergeant, in French almost as execrable as my own. "I have none."

"Soh! No passport, and in war time, too! Your card, then."

Alas! I had given my last to a fellow tourist in Switzerland.

"Donnerwetter!" He was breaking into his own vulgar vernacular now, so I saw things were getting serious.

"Who in the name of der teufel are you?" Then, coming closer, he said impressively: "I tell you, my young friend, you are nothing more nor less than a French spy. Consider yourself my prisoner."

"A French spy! Why, I'm an Englishman," I replied in my innocence.

"So much the better for French purposes," he promptly replied, as he indicated the nearest way to the little waiting-room, where I was forthwith searched, a revolver (with which I had been amusing myself in Switzerland) giving much color to the accusation, which was again supported by my having a return ticket from Switzerland via Paris to London, quite outside which I had just been arrested in Germany. Nothing on the face of it could look blacker. At this moment the incoming train for which I had been waiting dispersed the little crowd surrounding me, all save that burly sergeant, who followed stealthily behind me, and directly I attempted to open the carriage door, seized me unceremoniously by the collar, and dragged me back on the platform. Fritz (for this was the name the station master addressed him) was a man of herculean strength, on which he relied perhaps just a little too much, for my blood was now thoroughly up. The moment he relaxed his grip I made for him, and "boxing" being with him an "unknown quantity" I sent him with the first well-directed blow reeling against the waiting-room door, from which he had just emerged. But in the meantime, two things had happened—the train had gone, and Fritz had recovered himself. His tactics were simple. Wrestling was his specialty, and he had no sooner succeeded in closing with me than, by a dextrous movement, I was thrown heavily to the ground, and secured by four soldiers of the same regiment who had now come upon the scene, and by whom I was being taken off to the common cell at Mulheim, when they were intercepted by a young lieutenant, who, having had my case put before him, examined my sketch book with as much gravity as if a ground plan of Ehrenbreitstein were therein delineated, but who at the same time decided that I should be taken to the guardhouse in the Black Forest, to which place I was now summarily marched off, followed by an excited crowd of tag, rag and bobtail, who would, I believe, have lynched me had

not my escort been too strong for them. I shall not easily forget the rough handling to which I was subjected, the ignominy with which I was treated, or my subsequent delight on being taken into a dimly-lit room at this guardhouse, which, by the way, was an improvised one, it being in reality a forest hotel, so situated on the frontier as to have been at once requisitioned by the military on the declaration of war.

On being ushered into the dreary apartment to which I have referred, two guards were placed in special attendance on me by "my friend the enemy," or, rather, the sergeant, to whom I now seemed somehow to elude as being the only one (not knowing a word of German) with whom I could, however imperfect my French, discuss the situation; indeed, I went so far as to feel that Fritz might not be proof against a dextrously administered two-franc piece, which I slipped in his hand unseen.

"Monsieur," he said, his features relaxing into a broad grin, "I shall have the honor to-night of drinking the health of his majesty, the king!" and, if his loyalty could be accounted for by the color of his nose, he must have been a patriot indeed. With this he, as I supposed, departed for the night, but it appeared afterwards it was only to make arrangements for my safe custody, for he presently returned with marching orders. This time I was taken down a long corridor, at the extremity of which I was conducted, closely followed by my villainous looking escort, to a veranda, where rows of empty tables and tip-tilted chairs betokened the hotel's departed luxuriance. This place had now quite a sinister aspect, to which the Black Forest immediately beyond gave an additional gloom. One table, however, at the end of the veranda, was occupied by a group of four, who, by the light of a small lamp placed thereon, I discovered, to my delight, to be ordinary travelers, who, as I later on ascertained, were only awaiting remittances expected the following morning, to make rapid tracks from the scene of coming hostilities; for the rest the place was now a "guardhouse," pure and simple, the sergeant appearing to have taken over the entire control of the well-stocked cellars, from which, he informed me, I could, on paying war prices, have whatever refreshment I pleased. Nor was he long in supplying my wants in this respect at an exorbitant charge—brandy, seltzer and cigars being placed by him on the table, as, filling himself a bumper to begin with, he raised it high in air, exclaiming with the utmost gravity: "I drink, monsieur, to the health of his majesty the king."

Feeling it would be politic to join him in loyal but uninvited libations, I helped myself from the decanter, and was going to say something courteous about King William, when Fritz politely, but firmly, seizing my glass, said:

"Oh, monsieur, one moment, I beg, how terribly remiss of me in drinking to the king; I forgot the Fatherland; long live the Fatherland!" and with this he drained my glass to the dregs, made a profound bow, and left me in custody of my two guards, who, with fixed bayonets, were in immediate attendance. Cursing the evil fate, as I supposed, which had placed me in such a quandary, I was sitting "nursing my wrath to keep it warm," as Burns puts it, when a kindly voice with a nasal twang hailed me through the gloom.

"So you're the prisoner of war, are you? Well, as we happen to be all neutral at this table, I don't see why you shouldn't leave that patriot sergeant to finish your cognac with those two hungry-looking guards of yours, and join us for half an hour before you go to the dreary dungeon assigned to you." Suffice it to say, this was an arrangement to which Fritz, on his return, readily assented. I was as much in custody as ever, and escape was impossible; while he, with his two grim companions, could, in the meantime do full justice to the health of "his majesty the king."

The American gentleman to whom I was indebted for this kindly suggestion unceremoniously introduced me to his wife, and her brother and sister, who were all much interested in my capture and probable fate. They had noticed the ill-usage to which I had been subjected by the villagers, who had been hurling all the available rubbish they could lay hold of at my unoffending head on the way to the guardhouse; and I, moreover, made sure at a glance (oh, such a glance!) that at least one of my entertainers was convinced in her own mind that I was a case of mistaken identity, that I was no spy, and sympathized with me accordingly. That her name was Clara I at once ascertained, since she was thus addressed by them, nor was I long in discovering there was a strange, indescribable something about her which, from the moment of that first fateful glance, had placed me curiously in touch with her. That bright, piquant face, that sympathetic expression, those luminous dark gray eyes, those—They should never ride Pegasus who cannot reign him in. I now felt, at least, that as "the Prisoner of Mulheim" I enjoyed, in a certain sense, an enviable reputation, so hastened to explain that my real mission was that of a war correspondent.

"Oh, certainly," said my host, "and to have been made the first prisoner of war will be splendid 'copy,' if you can get it through."

This at once threw a new light on what to me had, till this moment, looked like an inglorious catastrophe.

Our chat, a delightful one to myself, having extended over an hour and Fritz and his companions having drained that decanter to the dregs, my new-found friends and myself cordially separated, and unless I'm much mistaken, when I shook hands with "Clara" there was a tremulous pressure of the fingers—but no matter. Fritz now thoroughly realized the gravity of the situation, and as he conducted me to the apartment I was to occupy for the night we were closely followed by my two guards, with whom (having first double-locked the door) he departed, leaving me to the contemplation of my prison house.

It was a miserable box room rather than bedroom, in which a truckle bedstead, small wooden table and a chair did duty for furniture, and the sole embellishment of which was a piece of broken looking-glass nailed against the wall by some departed scullion of the establishment, who probably slept there. A small piece of candle in a very grimy candlestick had been placed on the table.

My first consideration was, naturally, some possible means of escape. The sentries on duty at the rear of the building, on which my window looked out, made this utterly impossible in that direction, death being the inevitable end of the escaping spy. To undress would have been absurd. I must be ready for any eventuality, especially as my small modicum of candle was already flickering in its socket. So I sat and watched and waited, and listened the while to the dull thud of the top-booted night watch as they paced below, when presently, with a splutter, my expiring light went out altogether, and left me awaiting developments in utter darkness. Now it was possibly between one and two in the morning when not at all as I anticipated, these came about. My attention was first aroused by the distinct but distant sound of footsteps—coming apparently downstairs. Then, suddenly, through the obscurity and the keyhole, a ray of light shot across my place of incarceration—under the crack of the door—across the bare floor of the room, and then—

"Who's there?" I queried.

And the reply came in a sweet, musical voice: "Are you the English prisoner?" which, by the way, brings me to the opening words of this curious personal experience, which is yet another evidence of "fact" being "stranger than fiction."

My mysterious visitor was evidently a woman in some considerable consternation lest she should be heard or seen. Then came a scraping noise, and a somewhat bulky envelope was with difficulty thrust under my door, which I, with equal difficulty, succeeded in pulling through; but I was more intent on the personality of my would-be deliverer than her packet, and (Fritz, as an additional precaution, having taken the key with him) I was now mainly occupied in peering through the keyhole. There, looking furtively to right and left, wrapped in a woolen dressing gown, stood for one second—one, to me, precious second—the young American girl, to the lovelight of whose bright, bewitching eyes I had a few hours before fallen an easy victim.

"Miss—" I hesitated—"Clara! I don't know your other name," I said, in fear and trembling lest I should defeat her object and my own by arousing some sleeping Cerberus; "do tell me—"

But there was no reply—her mission was over—the light disappeared—the footsteps grew rapidly fainter—and the next moment I was again in utter darkness. I had not, however, now long to wait. Morning was not far off; and with its earliest light I examined the contents of my mysterious communication. It was a note in pencil, and ran as follows:

I have improvised out of ribbon, etc., a small union jack; it may assist your escape. Under the protection of the colors of their country others have done so before. Back and front are closely guarded. There is a way through the kitchen at foot of stairs, which leads to outhouses; it's your only chance. We shall hear if you have escaped. We shall be very anxious.

CLARA CARRINGTON.

And there, worked by Clara's deft fingers, was a small union jack, which, as it happened, was to be the turning point on which my future life was to revolve. Which of the fates was it (Lachesis, I think) who carried a pair of scissors with which to clip or trim the thread of life? Surely mine used a needle and thread. Personally I felt very much inclined to waive the advantages of liberty for the prospect of again seeing Clara—my Clara! But again I felt I should defeat her object and mine; and then, too, there was not a moment to be lost.

My first difficulty was the double-locked door of my room. That it was the door of an inn and not a prison was an initial advantage; but if bursting it open were possible, I should arouse the sleeping soldiery by so doing. Suddenly, as if by inspiration, it came to me. The slot into which the tongue of the latch fitted was inside, and fastened with ordinary screws. Of my belongings—which had pro tem. been confiscated—my money, a watch key and pen knife had been returned to me. The large blade of the latter I at once broke short; and with it, in lieu of a chisel, I, in about five minutes, removed the slot aforesaid, and found myself, in the gray light of early morning, in the passage outside, and, so far, free. Creeping noiselessly downstairs I had little difficulty in finding the kitchen my fair rescuer had indicated, at the door

of which I had to step gingerly—very gingerly—over a sleeping soldier, who had evidently done full justice to the lager beer for which the hotel had been famous. Then on from one outbuilding to another, to a yard, beyond which a gate led into the open.

Clara was right; in this direction the coast was clear. Once away from the guardhouse, I made straight for the railway station. There was an early train at about six o'clock, which I might catch before the hue and cry for the missing prisoner took place. And thus, obtaining a ticket from an unsuspecting office boy before the place was properly opened, I succeeded in doing. My next difficulty was the examination of tickets, which was done by the station master, who, of course, knew me as the victim of the night before. As, however, I had now tied the union jack round my hat, and, moreover, appeared deeply engrossed in the pages of an old newspaper as he came round, I so arranged, as I handed him my ticket, to hide my face. And thus it was, after a very critical five minutes, that the train started for Basle; and I found myself before long over the border and in safety, being lionized by a double file of Swiss troops, who, not knowing if I were a duke or a dustman, but inclining to the former, felt it was wise at such a political crisis to salute, and do all possible honor to the British flag, which same union jack, by the way, has on many occasions since then served me in good stead, and which, among other mementoes of "Auld Lang Syne," I still preserve.

But how about Clara? you naturally ask. Did we, as story books relate, "get married and live happy ever after?" Alas! no. Those whimsical fates had willed it otherwise. Indeed, till nearly 20 years after the event (though I often pictured her in my mind's eye) I did not again hear of her. When a letter, addressed "to be forwarded," arrived for me at the office of the London newspaper with which I was connected, and was sent on to my then address at Hampstead, it was as follows:

Templemore, Boston, U. S. A.—Dear Sir: I recently read in a London magazine which has reached me here an interview which much interested me. In it the interviewer refers, amongst other relics of campaigning which hang on the walls of your sanctum, to a small union jack. I was a romantic girl in those days, and—ah! well, I'm a substantial matron now. Delighted to find by his reference to it that you still preserve, may I hope, pleasant memories of your earnest escapade on the warpath, believe me to be, etc., etc.,

MRS. CLARA MIDDLETHORPE.

Then I carefully closed that letter, put it into my breast pocket (left side), at my pipe and fell into a reverie, in which, in all her youth and beauty, Clara Carrington and myself, supported by Fritz the sergeant, still drinking the health of "his majesty the king," played important parts; and if the above, being the result of that reverie, has been interesting, as an autobiographical sketch, its author will be pleased indeed that it was once his good fortune to have been—"Saved by a Woman."—London Queen.

## Perseverance Rewarded.

She could not see his face as he knelt and asked her to be his. She was glad of that, for she did not wish to know how much suffering her refusal caused him. She told him as gently as she could that their lives could not be linked together; that although she admired him and esteemed him, she felt that it would be risking his future as well as her own to consent to a union when she was sure no affinity existed. It was a touching speech, and she threw so much heart into it that she did not observe that he was taking notes in shorthand. When she had concluded he rose and put his notebook in his pocket. Extending his hand, he remarked, genially: "I'm ever and ever so much obliged to you." "S-i-r-r-r!" "You did it ever so nicely, and I'm under a thousand obligations. I'm writing a novel, and I have a scene in which a girl refuses to marry a man. I was anxious to avoid the stereotyped style of depicting such incidents and make it realistic. You're the seventh girl I have proposed to, and every one of the others accepted me. If you had said 'Yes' I think I should have been completely discouraged."—Pearson's Weekly.

## Flat Mold of Veal.

From a shoulder of veal take off the meat in neat pieces and stew in just enough water to cover till tender. Then take out all gristle and mince the meat finely; return it to the water in which it was boiled, which should have been freed from fat. To this add one pound of old boiled pork, minced, or the same quantity of sausage meat. Season with pepper, salt and sweet herbs. Beat up two eggs, add to the mixture and then place in a pie dish, cover with pastry and bake for an hour. Serve when cold, turned out of the dish so that the meat lies on a bed of pastry.—Boston Globe.

## The English Language.

"Mamma, if I had a hat before I had this one it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?"  
"Certainly, Johnny."  
"And if that hat once had a hole in it and I had it mended I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?"  
"Yes, there would be nothing incorrect in that."  
"Then it'd be good English to say that the hat I had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?"—Trained Motherhood.

## PITH AND POINT.

Hewitt—"I don't see you with that pretty girl as often as I used to."  
Jewett—"No, I'm married to her now."  
—Town Topics.

Very Cheap.—Patience—"What is the cheapest thing you ever saw about a bargain counter?" Patrice—"A husband waiting for his wife."—Jewish Comment.

Corson—"Do you think trained nurses should be pretty?" Hillebrand—"Not if they are expected to follow their calling permanently."—Philadelphia North American.

Mrs. Billins—"Is your son's wife an economical young woman?" Mrs. Flabbus—"I should say so! She has induced him to let his whiskers grow, so as to be able to get along without neckties."—Chicago Daily News.

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed. And then she didn't do a thing but hasten to the open piano and softly begin singing: "I wish I were a bird." They are looking for a nest now.—Yonkers Statesman.

"The hall is a most interesting structure. There is a wing which dates back to the year the first earl landed an army from Denmark." "Yes?" "Yes, and another wing which dates back to the year the thirty-seventh earl landed an heiress from New York."—Detroit Journal.

"How is it that Smithers lectures so successfully on the collection plan?" "Oh, he does the high and lofty with his audiences, telling them that he does not want a cent from any man who cannot pay his debts. He gets liberal donations from men who were never known to give before."—Detroit Free Press.

## HE PROVED IT.

"Bud" Woodsmall Says the World is Level and Will Back His Assertions with His Gun.

"Bud" Woodsmall, the "Terror of Yellow Creek, Ky.," has made the discovery that there is no such thing as the earth's axis. He is ready to back this assertion with a Winchester if necessary. This last is understood, for Bud Woodsmall is the "cock of the walk" in Yellow Creek parts, and when Bud asserts his assertions are quoted as truths.

Until recently Bud had contented himself with drinking whisky, shooting squirrels and fighting; but Bud has now turned scientist. He has substituted his scientific studies for squirrels. Bud lives around. That is, he just visits when he is close, and he is always welcome. Bud is such a good shot that hospitality is his when he asks it—and he never asks; he "just drops" in and stays.

Some weeks ago "Cockey" Chester, known as "Middlesboro's dude," started out to ride from Middlesboro to Chattanooga, a distance of 87 miles. Cockey is not only a dude, but Cockey went to school in England, so he says, and he knows all sorts of things. When he put up for the night at Dave Fuller's cabin, at the top of Butcher Springs hill, he found Bud on a "visit." Bud was holding forth about the cold weather, the causes thereof, etc.

Then came up the discussion of the causes of night and day. Chester took no part in the talk until then. He explained how the earth moved on its axis around the sun, using a pumpkin to demonstrate his meaning.

Suddenly Bud arose. He was literally spitting fire. For anyone else to be the center of attraction when he was present angered Bud.

"Yer a darned liar!" burst forth the terror of Yellow Creek, and forthwith he reached for his gun. "Yer talk 'bout movin' round like yer twisted that that pumpkin. Ef yer does yer stan' on yer head at night."

Chester didn't stop to argue. He knew Bud's reputation. He retired to his room—or, at least, to the only room, which was spare room and kitchen, bedroom and parlor. As he entered the house he saw Bud go into the yard.

When Chester awoke next morning he made a hasty toilet and started for the shed where his horse was tied. On the way he met Bud, grinning and spitting between his chews.

"I knowed yer was a darn liar," burst out Bud. "I knowed yer was a liar."

"How do you know?" asked Chester. Bud spit furiously. He eyed Chester closely. "Cause," said the terror. "Cause I put this hyar rock on the fence, an' ef this hyar earth had a been movin' round it woulder shook hit off."

Chester admitted the soundness of Bud's argument, and the latter was so much pleased that he was making a house-to-house canvass, rock in one hand, rifle in the other, proving by fences and posts that the earth is on the level in spite of day and night changes.—N. Y. World.

## His Prayer.

The Preacher—And do you always say your prayers before you go to bed at night?

Johnny—Yes, sir.

The Preacher—What are the things you pray for?

Johnny—Well, mostly that pa won't find out what I been doin' through the day.—Chicago Daily News.

## A Hurst of Frankness.

Merchant—What are your qualifications for this business?

Applicant—I can't get anything else to do.—Puck.

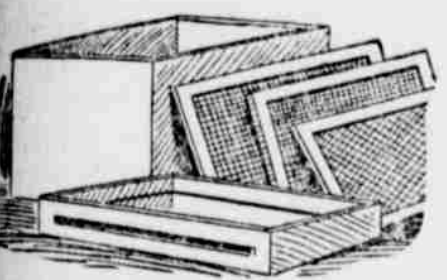


# THE FARMING WORLD

## A NEST OF SIEVES.

Their Use is Called For Almost Every Day in Every Variety of Farm Work.

The value of a set of sieves with meshes of varying degrees of fineness is too apparent to need argument. Their use is called for almost every day upon the farm. They are useful in separating weed seed from grain that is to be sown. In fact, all seed grain ought to be sifted with a mesh just fine enough to hold the sound, plump, perfect grains, and to let all foreign seed and shriveled grain pass through. This is but one out of the many important uses to which sieves may be put. It is important, however, to have a whole line of these articles, else just the right mesh will always be lacking. A very handy arrangement is shown in the cut. A boxlike framework is made,



A NEST OF SIEVES.

having a slit in one side and a groove around the inside. Light frames are made, strung with mesh of varying degrees of openness, and, as wanted, one or another of these frames is slipped into the groove and a sieve of the right sort is at hand. One excellent use for a set of sieves at this season of the year is in getting out-of-cracked corn just the right sized particles for chicks when first hatched, for those a couple of weeks old, a month, and so on. Cracked corn is a splendid feed for chickens, but it must be graded to secure the best results. In the same excellent way grit of proper size for chicks of varying ages can be provided. Once get a full set of these sieves, and you will be surprised at the great number of uses to which they can be put.—N. Y. Tribune.

## GYPSUM IN THE SOIL.

Experiments Demonstrate That the Substance is Not Inimical to Plant Growth.

It has generally been supposed that gypsum, when used as a fertilizer, is valuable largely because it attracts moisture and furnishes some material which nourishes the plants in extremely dry weather. As a soil for producing vegetation, it has never been considered, indeed it has not been supposed that plants would grow in it, but some experiments at agricultural stations show that plants will flourish in pure gypsum and make an almost phenomenal growth. Grain and plants were raised in this soil with most surprising results. Experiments also have been made in growing plants and grain in clean, white sand. The results of these efforts may, it is said, almost revolutionize the growing of certain forms of vegetation. As a case in point: Some years ago a family moved into a new house which was built upon an unpromising gypsum bed. The mistress of the house was extremely fond of flowers and bewailed the fact that she could have no flower garden. Finally her house plants became so troublesome that she turned them into the sand bed, digging holes and dropping them in regardless of order or system, and left them, as she supposed, to die. Her astonishment may be imagined when she grew such verbenas, petunias, geraniums and other plants as she never raised in her life. The neighbors insisted that she must have used some commercial fertilizer, but the fact was that the roots found abundant nourishment in what would usually be considered absolutely worthless soil.—Journal of Agriculture.

## ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

In transplanting cut off all broken or mutilated roots. Fumes from an oil stove are not good for house plants. If the lawn needs manuring, now is the best time to give it. In mulching, use material that is free as possible from weed seeds. Low-limbed trees are not so easily injured by hard winds as taller ones. In growing fruit for market it is an advantage to have varieties that will keep well and bear transportation. While lilies and gladiolas are injured by manuring, tulips, hyacinths and crocuses are benefited by a liberal allowance. Nearly or quite all kinds of fruits and vegetables keep much better if the temperature in the place where they are stored can be kept even.—St. Louis Republic.

## FARM TELEPHONES.

How Joy and Gladness Can Be Brought to Many Isolated Houses at Small Cost.

The introduction of telephone systems into isolated farming communities has proved to be a great convenience wherever it has been tried. I have had occasion to notice the effect in a large number of communities in northern New England, within the past two years. Next to good roads, I consider the establishment of telephonic communication between county and village the most important advance step that a rural community can take. The value of a man's farm is not dependent so much on the distance from town or railroad, as it is on the time required to reach them. The value of good roads, both for business and pleasure, has been so clearly demonstrated, and so much has been written on the subject within recent years, that permanent road building is not only indorsed, but the work is actually being done all over New England. So, also, is the telephone. Both have the same object, quicker and better transportation. The highway carries the farmer and his produce. The telephone carries information. One ounce of foresight is worth a pound of hindsight, and the telephone can safely be said to furnish the foresight.

With the aid of the telephone the farmer can keep posted on the market, many times can bargain and sell his produce before it leaves his premises. He can save many useless trips to town by practically bringing the town to him (over the wire). It is truly wonderful, the way that news can travel over the telephone. Within an hour from the time the Associated Press was telegraphing dispatches to the daily papers in the large cities, announcing the great naval victories in our conflict with Spain, the telephones were whispering the same thrilling news into the ears of subscribers up in the back woods from Maine to California. In fact, it is said that the people in California heard the news two hours, by the clock, before it happened.

The telephone business in all the larger cities and towns is controlled by large corporations that make direct personal communication possible between points 500 to 1,000 miles apart. Local companies can be organized to operate in country communities, at comparatively small cost to the subscribers, and afford a great deal of profit and amusement as well. I have had a telephone in my house the past year, and now think I could hardly keep house without it. A few weeks ago, the whole family were entertained for a hour listening to the soft, mellow strains of music that came to us over the wire from the band concert in the city, four miles distant. Having had two years' experience in constructing and operating telephone lines, I can say frankly and freely that the telephone has brought joy and gladness to many an isolated home, and is an investment that pays dividends every day in the year.—C. W. Scarff, in Rural New Yorker.

## SAFE TREE GUARD.

It Prevents Injury to Trees by Rabbits and Mice and Saves Labor and Anxiety.

It is best to adopt effective measures for preventing injury to trees by rabbits and mice and save labor and anxiety. It can be done easily and cheaply, as follows: Take common plastering laths, cut them in halves, then, with

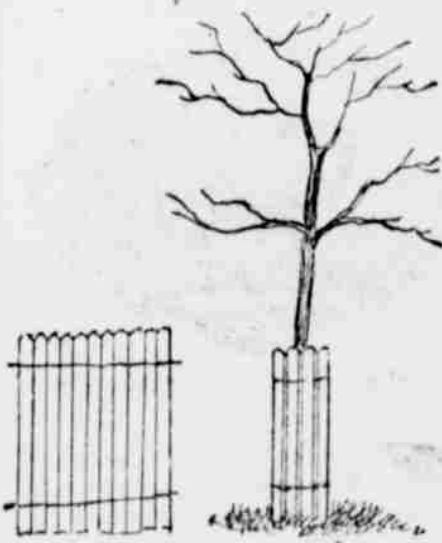


Fig. 1

Fig. 2

GUARD FOR YOUNG TREES.

fine wire, weave five to eight of the pieces together, at the top and bottom, as shown in Fig. 1, the same as wire and lath fence is woven, and set them around the trees, as in Fig. 2, giving the ends of the wires a twist about each other to hold them firmly in position. This makes a very effective and cheap guard, 18 inches high, and one that will last four or five years. If the laths are dipped in crude petroleum, they will last ten years, and prevent pigs and sheep, as well as rabbits and mice, from injuring the trees.—G. Fredrick, in Farm and Home.

## Big Tires in Nova Scotia.

Four and a half inch tires are to be required on carts and trucks in Nova Scotia after April 1, 1899.

Pay cash for all you buy if you possibly can, even if you have to stint yourself. It is heaven to be out of debt.

## HE WAS THE REAL THING.

How a Territorial Committee with Long Guns Tamed a Contrary Senator.

"I represented the territory in congress then," laughed the man who has returned to the east that he may spend his declining years among the friends of his youth. "In one of the frontier towns where I happened to visit they were trying to raise funds for a charitable purpose, and I was invited to attend an entertainment given with a view to helping the cause. I was scarcely inside when a committee of three with long hair, long faces and long guns, invited me to a little tent at one side of the hall."

"Now, ginerl," said one of them who had no definite idea as to the propriety of titles, "you'll jest set ter win, fur what few wimin folks we has in to it, and we can't disappoint 'em. I'll tell you as a friend to stay right here and look pleasant. Don't pay no particular tention to the galoot outside."

"Then I heard: 'Step right inside, ladies and gents, an' see the only live senator ever brought to these here diggings. He's imported at big expense from the wiles of Sagebrush county an' has been tamed by a committee of our bravest citizens appointed for that special purpose. He's the real thing, an' all others is base imitations which none of us would take far the givin'. He speaks our language perfect an' is as harmless as a pet lamb."

"I was like a porous plaster, and I never in my life exerted myself harder to be agreeable. Some of you might think you would have done differently, but you never saw that special committee."—Detroit Free Press.

## She Was Taking No Chances.

The fast-flying elevator in a huge downtown office building hovered for an instant at the third floor, like an impatient and monstrous bird, then, with a clang of the iron gates, flew upward and out of sight.

The citizen from Sasparas Cross Roads turned fiercely to his wife.

"What made you hold me back, mother?" "Why, Eben Dilly, who are you talking to? Don't you stand there and jaw me!" "Well, you make me feel so foolish."

"Foolish, eh? Foolish! That's all the thanks a woman gets for bein' careful. You come down here to git your life insured, didn't ye?"

"Course I did."

"Ye ain't done it yet, hev ye?" "Goin' to do it jest as soon as I kin git to that 'leveath floor'."

"Yes! Well, when ye've done it ye can ride on all the elevators in creation if ye want to, but not till then."

And the prudent wife began the long and weary ascent of the marble stairs, followed by her humble spouse.—N. Y. Herald.

## Devious Definitions.

Play—The work we do that isn't compulsory. Bachelor—A pair of scissors with one blade missing.

Sleep—The only satisfactory substitute for insomnia. Rivals—One pointing with pride to what another views with alarm.

Immune—A man who has been married so long that he doesn't mind it. Woman—A labor-saving device that helps a man make a fool of himself.

Flirt—A girl who makes a fellow want to kiss her and then won't let him. Conceited—The woman who dubs a man a woman hater just because he doesn't admire her.

Autopsy—A method employed by doctors to determine the nature of the patient's ailment. A captured ostrich always means a feather in somebody's cap.—Chicago Daily News.

Too many make a god out of the majority. Ram's Horn.

The early and the latter part of human life are the best or at least the most worthy of respect. The one is the age of innocence, the other of reason.—Joseph Joubert.

A Persevering Son-in-Law—"May I ask what is going on in the village?" inquired the observant stranger. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's 101 to-day, sir."

"And tell me, pray, who is that little man with the dreadfully sad countenance who walks by the old lady's side?" "That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keepin' up her life insurance for the last 30 years."—Tit-Bits.

Out of His Depth—"What," said the girl with loose hair around her ears and a spasmodic manner, "is your opinion of the ultimate destiny of the human race?" "Did I ever understand you to say the ultimate destiny of the human race?" inquired Willie. "Yes." "Why—um—if you want my candid opinion, I should say that—that it's a long ways off."—Washington Star.

"Borns, in your last novel you spoil the story by raising an insurmountable barrier between the hero and heroine, who certainly ought to have married each other." "I couldn't help it, Nagus. My wife insisted that I was the hero of the story myself, and she got jealous of the heroine."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Quickstep—"What part of town are we driving through, Mr. Fiddle?" "Frieddy—I haven't the least idea." Miss Quickstep—"I was aware of that. Still I thought it possible you might know what part of town we are driving through."—Chicago Tribune.

Doing His Own Jest—"Your highness will be rejoiced to learn," the grand vizier was saying, "that there are no further requests from the powers." "Ah, yes," rejoined the sultan, affably. "To be sure. We were rather tired of boned Turkey." It appeared, now, that the court jester was engaged in devising a plan of monetary reform, and thus a portion at least of the usual duties of that functionary had temporarily devolved back upon the throne.—Detroit Journal.

## PEACE VERSUS PAIN

We have peace, and those who are sorely afflicted with NEURALGIA will have peace from pain and a perfect cure by using ST. JACOBS OIL.

And It Was Different. "If you were not an heiress," he said as a wind-up to his impassioned appeal—if you hadn't hundreds of thousands of dollars, while I am poor, the case would be different. You would know then that I loved you for yourself alone. "Haven't you seen the evening papers?" she calmly asked. "No, darling." "Better get one. My bank has busted and I haven't got a dollar. However, as you love me for myself alone—" "As I was saying, Miss French," he interrupted as he rose up, "I called to see your father about that coal yard, and will trespass no further on your valuable time. Thanks for your kindness—good evening!"—Philadelphia Press.

## A Double Crop of Apples.

On a Long Island farm is an apple tree which bore two crops of fruit the past year, and the farmers are taking unusual interest in this peculiarity of nature. Just as much interest has been shown in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has the peculiarity of curing dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and blood disorders. Other remedies fail to benefit chronic cases it rarely fails, and it cures whenever a cure is possible.

## Feminine Sisterliness.

"What made you lose your place in the line?" "Because I wasn't going to be kissed by the lieutenant right after he had smacked that odious, peppermint chewing Bagley girl!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wauding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Small Realization.

"Of all my expectations in life," said the somber-visaged man, "I have realized only one; and that was the expectation that I should fail to realize the others."—N. Y. Sun.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"I always want introductions to long-haired men." "Why?" "I like to discover what subjects they are foolish on."—Chicago Daily Record.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Success consists in persuading others to take you at your own valuation.—Town Topics.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—Jennie Pinckard, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

The Chinese actor never goes on the stage without his cue.—Chicago Daily News.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The best efforts of the chairmaker are constantly being sat upon.—Golden Days.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.

THURSDAY, : March 30, 1899.

FOR GOVERNOR,

**P. WAT HARDIN,**  
OF HARRODSBURG.

## +ANNOUNCEMENTS.+

For State Auditor.

We are authorized to announce JOHN B. CHENAULT, of Madison county, as a candidate for Auditor of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic convention in 1899.

THAT development will dawn during this decade now seems certain as death. Recent transactions in timber lands, and the assurance that the Black Diamond railroad is soon to be built, all indicate that consummation so devoutly desired. When such men as Joseph Leiter, the wheat king of America, put \$500,000 into lands in Eastern Kentucky they do not do so that their capital may lie idle. No, indeed. These who watched his course last year while he had millions invested in wheat, must admit that, though he finally lost in that financial venture, he is a fearless investor, and capable of making vast sums out of his investments. And, now that he is interested in Eastern Kentucky's resources and their development, we may conclude that no grass will grow under his feet. The rumor was rife last week that he would probably purchase the R. N. L. & B. railroad when it is again offered for sale, and the story seems specious from the fact that the land belt purchased by him and his associates lies along that line, and the extension it must needs make to be profitable to its purchasers. Elsewhere in this paper will be found an article which points to the early construction of the Black Diamond running south through Eastern Kentucky and with the extension of the Richmond, Nicholasville, Irvine and Beattyville railroad running east the benefits to Eastern Kentucky at large, would be enormous. Many of us have heretofore looked upon the Black Diamond as a Davenport Dunn scheme of speculation but the facts lead now to the conclusion that its contemplated construction is no longer a canard or a pipe story of the projectors. Another thing that strengthens the theory of speedy development in this section is the announcement from financial circles of the country that the coffers of our capitalists are overflowing with the coin of the realm. The English projectors of the Black Diamond are also pained by the plethora of their purses. With the combined capital of the two countries development will soon dawn and Eastern Kentucky will enjoy an era of estate joy. God grant it, and grant it quickly!

HON. JAMES D. BLACK, of Barbourville, thus defines his reasons for not entering the gubernatorial race: "In the first place there are a few gentlemen and good Democrats in this immediate end of the state who are, and have been for some time candidates for places on our next state ticket, and looking at the matter from what I think is a fair and reasonable standpoint, it is, I think, safe to say, the convention will not feel disposed to give this section any more than its proportion of the candidates in making up our ticket. I fear that my candidacy might result in injury to the prospects of my neighbors."

HON. W. P. THORNE, of Henry county, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant-governor is said to be a gentleman of excellent qualities. Ex-members of the legislature

who served with Mr. Thorne in that body, and with whom we have talked, say he is socially a scintillating star and all around good fellow.

HARRY SOMER's paper, the Elizabethtown News, says it is no longer a race for governor, but a walkover for Hardin.

THE Jessamine Journal says that Senator Goebel addressed a fair-sized crowd in Nicholasville, on Monday of last week, but "that his frigid style failed to arouse more than conservative applause." The Journal is also authority for the following: "There will be an organization of a Hardin club in Jessamine shortly that will eclipse anything of the kind known politically in this county. Jessamine is undoubtedly for P. Wat Hardin, and let the forces get to work at once."

THE Woodford Sun, published at Versailles, the home of Senator Joe Blackburn, thus sizes up the situation in that county: "The friends of Gen. Hardin claim that he is gaining strength rapidly all over the state and say they will not be surprised if he goes into the convention with enough instructed votes to win on the first ballot. Here in Woodford Hardin appears to have the bulge on both his opponents, though Mr. Stone has a great many friends in the county. Goebel is simply lost sight of. We haven't heard of a dozen men who will support him for the nomination. Mr. Goebel's machine politics do very well in the city, but they can't be worked on country folks."

FROM the Big Sandy to the Purchase, from the Ohio to the Tennessee line Madison's candidate for auditor is making a canvass of remarkable strength. He is wisely taking no part or parcel in the gubernatorial contest, but is confining himself strictly to his own race. He has behind him the solid support of his home county and is beyond all peradventure of a doubt the leading candidate before the party of the state for auditor.

Mr. Chenaunt possesses every qualification for the office. His sixteen years banking experience peculiarly fits him for the position, whilst his practical business sense, his collegiate training, his firmness, breadth and general capacity would give the party a standard-bearer that would beget the confidence of all classes. His ability and his Democracy are alike on the party's altar. He has done great service for his party in critical contests and we commend this fine specimen of manhood to the consideration of the state.—Richmond Climax.

### Claude Desha.

Claude Desha, of Harrison county, late member of the legislature, went down in defeat for a renomination last Saturday. Judge Lafferty defeating him. Claude was an uncompromising Goebel man and declared that Harrison would and must be for Goebel. It proved an unfortunate remark for Mr. Desha and proves that a man can only manage one race at a time. Judge Lafferty is said to be an excellent man and good Democrat.—Owen Democrat.

### His Name is Dennis.

In his speech at Hartford Monday, Senator Goebel calls the writers of the Dispatch all sorts of liars and scoundrels. He also took several whacks at his opponent, Hon. P. Wat Hardin. Senator Goebel's front name is Dennis and the sooner he discovers that fact the better it will be for the Democratic party in Kentucky.—Bullitt Pioneer.

### His Exclamation in Eclipse.

When Senator Goebel in his Nicholasville speech Monday, reached that point where he was expected to explain his connection with that wholesale resignation threat, his voice passed into an eclipse.—Lexington Herald.

### TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

Our readers who wish to subscribe to a first-class magazine should read the ad of Lippincott's. It is a good one.

### The Black Diamond Will Be Built.

There has been a lot of cabling between London (England) syndicates and the American end of the "Black Diamond" railroad within the last few days, and the final touches to the deal were consummated in full at the Grand Hotel yesterday, when six different contracts representing as many charters of the different divisions of the system, were signed, sealed and delivered to Hon. T. C. Dickinson, financial agent of the company, to be passed over to the English capitalists. Mr. E. D. Davis, of Gallipolis, Ohio, one of the attorney's of the projected road, drew the instruments according to the rigid requirements of the across-water-money bags, and Mr. Dickinson starts for Washington to-day with these documents to have them passed upon by the Secretary of State and the British Minister, after which he will sail with them for London. Everything requested in the English end of the deal was carried out in detail yesterday, and a cable to that effect started to Sir Thomas Tanager, London, last night. Ex-State Railroad Commissioner Wm. Kirkby, of Toledo, said last night that the whole work of transfer is now complete and the construction of the road is an assured fact. There are four contractors at the Grand now ready for a hundred miles of construction each.

Mr. W. J. Boland, one of the Toronto, Canada, capitalists who recently purchased a large area of timber in Eastern Kentucky, was at the Grand last night enroute to the lands.—Hotel Gossip in Cincinnati Enquirer.

**NOT MADE BY A TRUST**  
**CUP**  
**HANDSPIKE**  
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**ON THE SQUARE**  
**PLUG TOBACCO**  
STRATTON BROTHERS TOB. CO. INC., LOU. KY.

**FRED J. HEINTZ,**  
Manufacturing : Jeweler.

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SILVERWARE, OPTICAL GOODS,  
Solid Gold and Silver Medals  
and Class Pins.

Unexcelled Repairing Facilities.

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LEXINGTON, KY.

**Price List for Watch and Clock Repairing**  
Cleaning Watch, American make.... \$1.50  
" " Old English Lever. 2.00  
Main Spring " " 1.50  
Cleaning Clock, Amer. 8 day..... 1.25  
" " French make..... 3.50  
" " " Nickle alarm style..... .50  
Main spring in clock, Amer. make.... 1.00  
" " French make.... 2.50  
Mending (soldering) Gold Spectacles 25-35c  
" " Steel " " 25c.  
Repairing Jewelry according to nature of repairs.  
New pins fitted into brooches (pins) 15c.

**H. G. ROBINSON,**  
OF BEATTYVILLE, KY.,

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**Kentucky Cider & Vinegar Works,**  
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**General Merchandise, Lumber,**  
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Also, President Hazel Green Fair and Driving Park Association and the Farmers' Exchange.

**ROLLIN A. KASH,**  
**ATTORNEY-at-LAW,**  
HAZEL GREEN, KY.,

Will practice in the courts of Wolfe and the adjoining counties, and attend promptly to all collections entrusted to him.

**OLD PAPERS,** Clean and Nice, for sale at this office at 20 cents per 100.

# Greatest Clothing Sale

In the History of the Trade,  
At

**Louis & Gus Straus',**  
Lexington's Leading Clothing House.

We are badly overstocked in every department. We propose to sell you bargains when you want them and not when the season is over.

**JUST THINK OF A GOOD WARM OVERCOAT** at 99 cents. A beautiful satin-lined, Kersey overcoat, finest made, worth \$25.00, at \$12.50. 250 Boys' All-Wool Scotch Suits, double breasted, sizes 5 to 16 years, worth \$4, at \$2 a suit. Beautiful blue and black cheviots, double breasted, up to 20 years old, worth \$10, at \$5.

Remember we have clothing for the Workingman—Farmer—Banker. We do not carry cheap trashy goods, but represent such manufacturers as Alfred Benjamin & Co., Strous Bros., Feckheimer, Keifer & Co., and all the leading manufacturers of the United States. You cannot afford to miss this sale as you may never have another chance in your lifetime.

We are agents for "Newburgh Never-Rip Pants," and will give you 10 per cent. off on all goods.

Beautiful Natural Wool Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

The best Fleece-lined Undershirts and Drawers, worth \$2, at \$1 a suit.

100 dozen Fancy Shirts made by Hutchinson, Pierce & Co., at 75 cents. Price never named heretofore, and worth \$1.50.

You can afford to borrow money and pay interest to buy these goods at prices named.

→ **LOUIS & GUS STRAUS,** ←  
Lexington's Leading Clothiers.

# TRAINING (AND) FEED STABLES

I have opened my Training and Feed Stable, and will keep on hand plenty of feed and a full supply of vehicles and traps. Parties coming from a distance, who may desire horses pastured for a few days or weeks can have the best pasture at reasonable rates.

## LIVERY STABLES.



Also, for the convenience and accommodation of guests of the Day House, at Hazel Green, and L Park Hotel at Torrent, I have opened nearby two first-class livery stables, where I will keep buggies, saddle horses and hacks for hire at all times. Persons wishing a vehicle to meet them at McCausy can telephone me and have any desired vehicle or saddle horse promptly.

I will also have a full supply of hacks for hire to drummers, which will be in charge of careful drivers, and for which they can contract by the day for any length of time.

Persons intending to visit Day and Swango Springs will be met at either McCausy or Torrent with team and driver, and I will have pleasure in shipping water for them whenever desired.

Day and Swango water, fresh and free, on ice and tap for guests at L Park Hotel.

## J. TAYLOR DAY.

**F. A. LYON, JR.,**  
The Leading Insurance Agent of Eastern Kentucky.

Offices: Beattyville, Jackson, Hazel Green.

**W. H. PIERATT** has charge of the Hazel Green office, and all business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. PATRONIZE A HOME AGENCY.



## RESTORED MANHOOD

**DR. MOTT'S**  
**NERVINE**  
**PILLS**  
The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Falling or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every \$5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at \$1.00 per box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.



**HOOD'S PILLS**

Household remedy for biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**THE HERALD.**

**Red River Valley Railway Co.'s TIME CARD.**

Train leaves McCausey at 6 o'clock a. m., connecting with train at Rothwell for Mt. Sterling. Returning, leaves Rothwell at 4 p. m. JAMES MUIR, Gen. Agt. Rothwell, Ky.

Mrs. John Davis remains quite ill.

Mrs. Miles Nickell was in town Friday.

Dick Phipps has moved back to town again.

Sam Taulbee, of Red River, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. Ellen Kash has been on the sick list the past week.

A. P. Lacy, of Lee City, was in our midst last Sunday.

George Taulbee went to West Liberty Friday on a short trip.

George Byrd has rented and moved to the J. G. Trimble property.

Rev. Wallen filled his appointment at the Presbyterian church Sunday.

Rev. Lee went to Pine Grove Saturday to fill his appointment at that place.

Judge Geo. Wheeler left Sunday for Frenchburg where he will attend court.

Wanted—To trade a yearly subscription to THE HERALD for a male shout.

Robert J. McLin left Thursday for Torrent, Winchester and other points on business.

Let all the old pupils of the Hazel Green Academy remember the grand reunion in June.

Frank Kash and wife left Sunday for Jackson where Mr. Kash has a position with Day Bros. & Co.

I want about 200 clap-boards to cover smoke house. Call at HERALD office. SPENCER COOPER.

Quite a number of the pupils of the Hazel Green Academy are gradually caring for "their crops."

E. E. Atkins has been confined to his bed for more than two weeks past, at the home of Dr. J. M. Kash.

Mrs. W. T. Caskey was quite sick for several days last week and this, but is now better, we are glad to say.

Dr. J. M. Kash, who was called to the bedside of his daughter, Mrs. Floyd Day, of Jackson, reports her as being quite sick.

There was another tide in the Red river Tuesday morning. In fact it would have tied the Mississippi at some points.

Courtney McGuire returned to Clay City last week, after a few days in our midst, while having his property repaired.

**YOU MUST** have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would **BE WELL**.

Dr. Nickell reports the following births since our last issue. To the wife of Levi Robinson, on Friday, a boy; to the wife of Greenberry Robinson, on Sunday, a girl.

Mrs. George Byrd is dangerously ill at her home in West Hazel Green, and it is feared she is not able to be removed to the Trimble property, which Mr. Byrd has lately rented. Or that if removed the shock to her would prove serious.

Mrs. Clay Lacy, of Daysboro, will please accept the thanks of the editor and his better half for a bucket of very fine pickled beans and a roll of nice butter, and she is assured that her donation was delightfully enjoyed by the entire HERALD household.

The Hazel Green Herald, after a suspension of some weeks owing to the illness of its publisher, is out again as bright as ever and is preaching the righteous cause of Hardin and good Democracy. But, Spencer, don't some of the poets of your last issue owe an apology to Shelley for their "original" productions?—Frenchburg Agitator.

A man named Ben Dyke, of Wolfe county, was brought here to the Eastern Kentucky Asylum yesterday by the sheriff of that county. He was very violent and created so much disturbance at the street car center, despite his handcuffs and shackles, that he had to be taken to the asylum in the patrol wagon. He had been crazy about a week.—Lexington Herald.

**Lexington Herald. HAZEL GREEN ACADEMY.**

Miss Sue Sublette Writes Entertainingly of That Institution of Learning.

The timely article on the "Kentucky Mountaineer" suggests the thought that it might interest the reader to have presented by those allied to the work, some fuller details of the various educational institutions of eastern Kentucky. Hazel Green, in Wolfe county, the heart of the mountain section, is a cozy little village, nestled in a sheltering valley, bordered by a rippling stream. In this place at the earnest request of its citizens, the Christian Woman's Board of Missions, the missionary organization of the women of the Christian church established in 1886 the Hazel Green Academy, placing in charge thereof Prof. A. F. Erb and assistants.

While the school was open to all children of school age, its special object was to suitably prepare teachers of the district schools. Under the then existing conditions, in many cases, if the unlettered trustees had a favored relative or friend who could read and write, he was, to the entire satisfaction of those in authority, installed as teacher, thereby perpetuating ignorance under the garb of education.

The management of the Hazel Green school, impressed with the unfortunate results of such a custom planned to rectify it as far as possible. It has in the dozen years of its history, furnished forty or more educated, cultured teachers for the district schools of Eastern Kentucky—young women and men trained in heart and body, having under their fostering care hundreds of children who are to be the home makers and the law makers and to rule for weal or woe that entire section of our commonwealth. Who can estimate the leavening influence or predict the harvest of even this one department of this mission school?

The value of the property owned by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions at Hazel Green is estimated at \$7,000. The school building is comfortable and commodious, having four large rooms and several smaller ones. The boarding department is in its truest sense an attractive home in which the principal, Prof. W. H. Chord and family and three assistants live with the young women and men who come from a number of the surrounding counties. The worthy indigent are educated free of charge; those able pay low rates of tuition. The school is entirely supported by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions at much cost of labor and money. They would gladly endow it if they could. Is there any better way for some public spirited philanthropist to perpetuate his name as a benefactor of his race and a generous friend and brother of those less favored members of the dear old Kentucky family than to endow the Hazel Green Academy?

SUE SUBLETTE.

**LETTER FROM ELDER PIERATT, Who Talks Entertainingly of the Great State of Kansas and Its Products.**

CRANDALL, KAN., March 21, '99. Brother Cooper—Dear Sir: I received the HAZEL GREEN HERALD yesterday, which was a welcome visitor, because it was more than a letter from my old Kentucky home.

I am glad to see that you are O. K. again. I often think of the dear people of Hazel Green, and would love to see them all; though I find here Christian hearted people, who are as kind to me as my own people.

Doubtless they will all like to hear about the country. It is a fine country; fine prairie and bottom land. The average corn crop is 30 bushels, but not much wheat is raised. Clover and timothy grows fine. The blue grass is beginning to take the prairies; Irish potatoes grow in abundance and are selling from 90 cents to \$1.10 per bushel. Kafir corn grows well here, and all garden vegetables plenty, and the finest and most bogs you ever saw—never have the cholera. A fine grade of cattle; Bro. Crandall has only 700 head on hand now, and he has only got 150 head of hogs, 40 head of horses and mules; so you see people farm on a large scale here. They have a fine breed of horses. One man cultivates from 50 to 60 acres; everybody works early and late. I want to tell you what I saw this morning. I stood on Bro. McGuire's porch and saw two wolves on the prairie, but we couldn't get near them, they were so shy. There are lots of prairie chickens, jackrabbits, wild geese, wild ducks and fish in abundance. So you see, Bro. Cooper, if I had a gun and fishing pole I wouldn't starve. Bro. L. C. McGuire and I went to Yates Center, the county seat of Woodson-to-day. It is a nice town, and business is lively. They have eight different churches, so you see the people believe in religion here.

Mrs. Pieratt has not landed here yet, but am looking for her anytime. I have been here two months to-day and have not been sick an hour since I arrived, and don't take any medicine. All I want is plenty of food and the people have got it. I only weighed last week 167 pounds, and I feel like I was about 25 years old.

Bro. Lee McGuire and family are well and doing well, plenty to eat and no poor kin.

Born, to Louie Crandall and wife, a girl on the 18th day of March.

There was a young lady died today. I will preach her funeral to-morrow at 2 o'clock. She had been an invalid from birth.

Love to Sister Cooper and yourself, and all inquiring friends. Excuse long letter, and if this does not go to the waste basket I will write again in the near future. Your friend, J. T. PIERATT.

Hon. Green Garrett and Robert Moore, of Bowen, accompanied by Ed. Saulsberry, of Eminence, were in our town several days during last and the first of this week contracting for staves and railroad ties. Mr. Garrett is the ex-representative from Powell and Estill. He has been engaged in the timber business for several years past, and is now also a merchant at Torrent. Mr. Moore has also been identified with the timber trade along the L. & E. and C. & O. railroads for several years. Mr. Saulsberry now lives at Eminence, but only a year or so ago ran a general store near Jackson, and more recently was engaged in merchandising at Torrent which place he sold to Mr. Garrett. The trio are gentlemen who will do to tie to and our farmers may find it to their interest to see them.

If all the married women in Wolfe county were as prolific as the wife of Henry Linden, colored, who lives on Chapel branch, a few miles below Hazel Green, and all the children lived, we should soon have a population second to no county in Kentucky. Within thirteen months she has given birth to four children, viz: Twins in January, 1898, and twins again in February, 1899. All of them, our informant says, were well-developed, healthy babies, but three of them have died since birth.

Our stock dealers should read the advertisement of Greene, Embry & Co., live stock commission merchants, Cincinnati, and ship their stock. We have long maintained that our farmers and dealers in live stock generally would realize better prices in Cincinnati than at Mt. Sterling or any other local market, and if they will remember that the man who buys of them there generally ships to Cincinnati, and of course, at a profit, they too must see it.

That poem, "The Dear Old Herald Pages," will appear next week. Everything intended for publication in THE HERALD, except correspondence, should be handed in Friday or Saturday, if possible, and correspondence must come Monday, or we can not use it without extra work.

The beautifully and legibly written manuscript of our Swango Springs correspondent is the delight of the printer. Some of our other correspondents would do well to make a note of this and impart to their eccentric chirography more of the character of legibility.

The case of the Commonwealth against Miles Hollon and others, charged with killing John Brewer, was called for trial Monday and some of the witnesses for commonwealth not answering the case was continued until next term.—Jackson Hustler.

Blood and Nerves are very closely related. Keep the blood rich, pure and healthy, with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have no nervousness.

Hood's Pills are best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, prevent constipation.

**THE BEST OF THEM ALL!**



Contains a complete novel in every number, in addition to a large quantity of useful and entertaining reading matter.

No continued stories, which are so objectionable to most readers.

It should be in every household. Subscription, \$3.00 per year.

Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers, PHILADELPHIA.

**Do You Want to Make Money?**

\$10.00 to \$25.00 per Week Guaranteed.

We want intelligent, hustling representatives to handle the most beautiful and popular line of fast selling books and Bibles ever issued by any house. Up-to-date, quick sellers, low retail prices, liberal terms and fair dealing are the inducements we offer. Credits given and freights paid. We want you with us. Don't make your plans till you hear from us. Write us by return mail.

THE HUDGINS PUB. CO., Kiser Building, Atlanta, Ga.

**Hazel Green Academy.**

**Normal and Preparatory School.**

**PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS.**

English Course;  
Latin Scientific Course;  
Preparatory Classical Course;  
Preparatory Ministerial Course;  
Teacher's Course;  
Business Course;  
Musical Courses.

Thorough work in every department.

Attendance now the best in the history of the school.

Second term began January 2nd and ends June 7th, 1899.

WM. H. CORD, Principal.

Jan. 19, 1899.

R. H. BRYAN, SALESMAN FOR

**Pearson & Clark, WHOLESALE + GROCERS, LEXINGTON, KY.**

**GREENE, EMBRY & CO., Live Stock Commission Merchants, CINCINNATI UNION STOCK YARDS, Long Distance Telephone 7356. ALL SALES GUARANTEED.**

**H. F. PIERATT,**

DEALER IN

**General Merchandise, LIVE STOCK and Country Produce.**

**QUALITY OF GOODS THE BEST and PRICES THE LOWEST.**

**H. F. PIERATT'S LIVERY + STABLE.**

I have constantly on hand Horses, Buggies and Covered Hacks, suitable for Drummers, and will convey parties to any point in Eastern Kentucky on reasonable terms. Write or telephone me and I will meet you at either McCausey or Torrent.

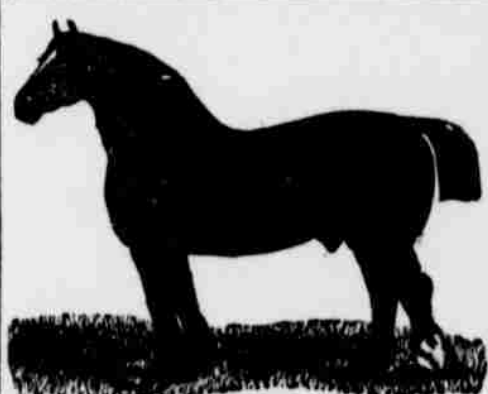
**ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO ME**

By note or account will please call and settle, as I need money. Otherwise I will certainly proceed according to law. I have waited, and waited patiently, and now I must have my money.

**LAST TAX NOTICE.**

Those who have not paid their taxes must pay the same at once, as I WILL WAIT NO LONGER. A levy will be made in Ten (10) Days, and then there will be "a hot time in the old town tonight." Don't neglect this, as it will save me trouble and you much expense. Respectfully,

**H. F. PIERATT, Deputy Sheriff Wolfe County.**



**CONNAUGHT 2D 3512.**

This celebrated English Hackney stallion imported to the United States on June 3, 1893, will make the season of 1899 at the stables of John H. Pieratt, at Hazel Green, Ky., at the extremely low price, blood and beauty considered, of

**\$6 TO INSURE A LIVING COLT, Or \$5 To Insure A Mare In Foal,**

money due when the fact is ascertained in either case. A lein on the colt will be retained for the season money, and in event the mare is traded off or bred to another horse the money will then be due. Every care will be taken to prevent accidents, but I will not be responsible should they occur.

**DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE.**

CONNAUGHT 2ND, 3512 is a beautiful bay, full 16 hands high, black mane and tail, good style and action and a fine roadster; 9 years old this spring. He was sired by Victor of Beetley 1587; dam Bonnie 1925, by Highflyer 1006; Victor of Beetley 1587 by Reliance 667, grand dam by Congress 164; Reliance 667 by Confidence 158, dam by Rileman 670.

NOTE.—His complete pedigree covers many crosses of the thoroughbred and coach horse—but is too full to quote. Breeders are invited to call and see him and examine his pedigree at my stables. Respectfully, J. H. PIERATT.

**JOKE HARTFIELD, Headquarters Mt. Sterling, Ky., REPRESENTS**

**GUGGENHEIMER & Co. LYNCHBURG, VA.,**

Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Goods. We manufacture the well known "BEATS-ALL" Pants and Overalls. Hold your orders until you see him.

Book-Keeping, Business, PHONOGRAPHY, Type-Writing, Telegraphy



Address **GENERAL W. R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.,**

For circular of his famous and responsible

**COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KY. UNIVERSITY**

Awarded Medal at World's Exposition.

Refers to thousands of graduates in positions of

trust and honor in family, about 100,000.

Short-hand, Type-Writing, and Telegraphy, Specialties.

See The Kentucky University Diploma, under seal, awarded graduates. Literary Course free, if desired.

No vacation. Enter now. Graduates successful.

In order to have your letters reach us, address only, GENERAL WILBUR E. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

Note.—Kentucky University resources, \$500,000, and had nearly 1000 students in attendance last year.

G. B. MALONEY. J. B. ADAMS.

**MALONEY & ADAMS, SILVERSMITHS AND JEWELERS,**

LEE CITY, WOLFE COUNTY, KY.



Repair Clocks, Watches, and Jewels of all kinds, at the lowest prices, and guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Special attention to orders by mail.

**O. F. HARRISON+**

*Attorney-at-Law,*

**COLLECTIONS A SPECIALTY AND RETURNS PROMPTLY MADE.**

451 W. JEFFERSON STREET, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Reference, J. Taylor Day, Hazel Green.

**J. A. TAULBEE, M. D.**

**Physician and Surgeon,**

**HAZEL GREEN, KY.**

Surgery and obstetrics a specialty.

**HERALD** JOB PRINTING IS THE BEST, and the cheapest.



# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY.

## A RAINY DAY.

Kinder like a stormy day, take it all together,  
Don't believe I'd want it just only pleasant weather;  
If the sky was allers blue, guess I'd be complainin',  
And a pesterin' around, wishin' it was rainin'.

Like a stormy mornin' now, with the water dashin'  
From the eaves and from the spouts, foam-in' and a-splashin',  
With the leaves and twigs around, shinin' wet and drippin',  
Shakin' in the wind with drops every-which-way skippin'.

Like ter see the gusts of rain, where there's naught to hinder,  
Fall across the fields and come "spat" against the winder,  
Streakin' down along the panes, floodin' sills and ledges,  
Makin' little fountains-like in the sash's edges.

Like ter see the brooks and ponds dimpled up all over,  
Like ter see the d'mon's shine on the bendin' clover,  
Like ter see the happy ducks in the puddles sailin',  
And the stuck-up rooster all draggled wet and trailin'.

But I like it best inside, with the fire a-gleamin',  
And myself, with chores all done, settin' round and dreamin',  
With the kitten on my knee, and the kettle hummin',  
And the rain-drops on the roof "Home, Sweet Home" a-drummin'.

Kinder like a stormy day, take it all together,  
Don't believe I'd want it just only pleasant weather;  
If the sky was allers blue, guess I'd be complainin',  
And a pesterin' around, wishin' it was rainin'.  
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

## An Army Wife.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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### SYNOPSIS.

Chapter I.—Fannie McLane, a young widow, is invited to visit the Graftons at Fort Sedgewick. Her sister tries to dissuade her, as Randolph Merriam (whom she had jilted for old McLane) and his bride are stationed there.

Chapter II.—Fannie McLane's wedding causes family feeling. A few months later she, while traveling with her husband, meets Merriam, on his wedding trip.

Chapter III.—Some time previous to this Merriam had gone on a government survey, fallen ill, and had been nursed by Mrs. Tremaine and daughter Florence. A hasty note from Mrs. McLane's stepson takes him to the plains.

Chapter IV.—Young McLane dictates to Merriam a dying message, which is sent to Parry (a young Chicago lawyer and brother-in-law of Mrs. McLane). Reply causes Merriam to swoon. He is taken to the Tremaine's; calls for Florence.

Chapter V.—Engagement of Florence Tremaine to Merriam is announced; wedding shortly follows.

Chapter VI.—Mr. McLane is mysteriously shot in San Francisco. Merriam is greatly excited when he reads account in papers. While still in mourning Mrs. McLane prepares to visit Fort Sedgewick.

Chapter VII.—Mrs. McLane arrives at the fort. Merriam is startled at the news, and he and his wife absent themselves from the formal hop that evening.

Chapter VIII.—Mr. and Mrs. Merriam pay their respects to the widow on an evening when she would be sure to have many other callers. When the call is returned Merriam is away, and his wife pleads illness as excuse for not seeing her. Mrs. McLane receives telegram: "Arrested, Chicago. Your uncle stricken—paralysis. You will be summoned. Secure papers, otherwise lose everything. C. M." She faints and is revived with difficulty.

Chapter IX.—Mrs. McLane desires to see Merriam. Grafton persuades him to go, but the widow postpones the meeting till next noon.

Chapter X.—Florence learns Merriam has been to see Mrs. McLane, and in a storm of passion will not allow him to explain. Shortly after Merriam is intercepted by Fannie McLane as he is passing through Grafton's yard. Florence witnesses the meeting, which she supposes has been prearranged.

Chapter XI.—Mrs. McLane begs Merriam for papers given him by her stepson, but which he tells her were all forwarded to Parry. Merriam is seriously wounded in fight with greasers.

Chapter XII.—Florence, in her deep disappointment, leaves her home in the night for her father's house at the cantonment.

Chapter XIII.—Three personal telegraph messages come for Merriam from Parry. Latter is notified of Merriam's mishap from posts. A dispatch from her lawyer, on his way to the fort, together with account of serious injuries to Merriam, causes Mrs. McLane to faint.

Chapter XIV.—Merriam is brought in in the ambulance, inquires for Florence, but gets only an evasive answer, doctor fearing news of her flight may prove fatal to him.

Chapter XV.—Just about noon, when the hospital attendant was away at dinner, Mrs. McLane steals in on Merriam. What follows is thus described:

### CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

He was half asleep, half awake, in that helplessly lethargic state that seems to possess most temperaments after subjection to the influence of morphine. He was conscious of no pain, no soreness, conscious of nothing but that longing for the coming of Florence and a wondering as to the time of night or day. He remembered half opening his eyes and seeing Hop blinking in an easy chair by the bedside, and then noticed that it was in the spare room—the guest room—he was lying, and he thought it must be near dawn, for the shutters and shades were drawn, yet a dim light was shining through. He thought Florrie must be in her room, the front room,

and he was just thinking of calling to the servant and rousing him, when he heard the swift pit-a-pat of light footsteps in the hall, a swish of skirts, and, stretching out his arm, he called aloud: "Florence, darling!" and the next minute a woman's form was at his bedside and he started up, rubbing his eyes, amazed, startled, believing perhaps that he was still dreaming, for there, with trembling, outstretched hands, stood Fanny McLane.

"What—where, is my wife?" he gasped. "I thought—why, surely this cannot be you!"

"It is I, Randy," she quavered. "I was in torment—I could not rest nor sleep. I knew you were alone, with no one to care for you."

"Alone!" he interrupted. "What do you mean? Where is Florence, my wife?"

"You don't mean—they haven't told you?" she answered. "She has gone—home to her people, it is supposed. She left two nights ago—that is one reason I am here."

But Merriam burst in upon her walling, half incoherent words. "In God's name what do you mean? You or I must be mad. Here, Hop, quick! Where are my clothes? Fetch them at once; then go for Capt. Grafton."

"I'm not mad," she answered. "Read this—the letter she left for you," and the wretched woman tossed upon the bed the note she had taken from among the others on the mantel, and, shouting for a light, Merriam tore open the envelope, while the Chinaman, nerveless and obedient to the master's will, threw open the shutters.

In the next minute Randy had read the page, with staring, throbbing eyes, then fairly ordered her from the room and dazed, yet terrified at the effect of her announcement, she crept into Florence's room and threw herself into a chair, moaning and rocking to and fro. Like a madman Merriam was up and tearing about, issuing rapid orders to the servant, his lameness all forgotten, and Hop, awed and dismayed, dared disobey him in nothing. Quickly he dressed his master, pulling on light riding breeches and leggings instead of the cavalry scouting rig, and carefully drawing a hunting shirt over the crippled arm that in its sling and bandages was now bound close to the body. It seemed to take no time at all to get him dressed, yet Merriam fumed and raged, and then limped forth into the hall, bidding Hop go saddle Brown Dick at once.

At sound of his halting footsteps in the hall, she had once more roused herself to action, her own weight of care and trouble urging her on. "Randy," she cried, "for God's sake answer me! Are you sure—are you sure—was there no other statement? no other paper? Did he persist to the last that his mother was alive?"

"Mrs. McLane," was the answer, "you forced me to tell you the truth. I did all I could to keep it—and to keep myself from you, but you would have it."

"Oh, Randy, Randy!" she cried. "You are heartless! You are brutal, vindictive! You are punishing me because I so cruelly wronged you. But what did I ever do to you compared with what you have done to me? Oh, why, if you ever loved me, why could you not have destroyed that lying paper that is to rob me of my name, my rights, rob me of everything?"

"Hush!" he answered, leaning heavily against the balustrade. "I rode night and day. We sent the swiftest courier we had—to save your honor—to stop that marriage."

"But you didn't stop it! You were too late!" she cried. "And when you say it was too late, instead of burning those papers or giving them to me—you held them that you might triumph over my ruin. Then when you knew I was coming to beg for them, you were a coward, Randy—you sent them all to Ned Parry, that my own sister might gloat over my downfall!"

"Mrs. McLane," he interrupted, "this is all unjust, all untrue. Ask Mr. Parry when he comes, as he probably will. But this ends our meetings. God forbid that I should ever see you alone again! It has driven from me my wife—the wife I love and love devotedly—do you hear?—and I'm going now to find her."

And then he broke away. Out to the stable he staggered; love, pity, devotion urging him on and triumphing over the still numbing effect of the deadening drug whose languorous spell he had never known before; and Brown Dick whinnied his welcome and impatience, and Hop Ling whispered his "pidgin" protests, even as he was "cinching" on Merriam's field saddle with its well-stocked pouches. Randy fiercely ordered silence, bade the Chinaman give him a hand, and then, with blurred eyes and senses, with ears still drowsily ringing, he slowly climbed into saddle, hardly missing the customary grip of the left hand in the mane. Then out he rode into the sunshine, Brown Dick bounding with eagerness to search for and rejoin his stable mate; and then with every stride as he tore away over the mesa Randy felt the cobwebs brushing from his brain, and hope and determination spurring him on. "You have broken your word and gone to your old love," was the stern message of Florence's brief letter. "I will be no man's fool, no faithless husband's wife. You need not look for me nor follow, for I will never come to you again."

Another time pride, anger and sense of wrong might have held his hand, but not now. And before that half-crazed, half-erasing woman could give the alarm, Randy Merriam was riding fast and furious to join the pursuit, thinking only of her suffering and her sorrow, all ignorant, mercifully, of the new peril that involved his precious wife.

It was vain for Dr. Leavitt to heap imprecation on the head of that hapless Chinaman. Implicit obedience to the will of his master was the only creed Hop Ling observed. "Mellium say cless and catechum saddle and flask and lunch"—that was enough. "Mellium say lide an' catechum Missce Mellium," and Hop Ling wasn't fool enough to interfere.

But if Dr. Leavitt had lost one patient, Fate had provided him with another. He was needed at once at Grafton's, and, tarrying only long enough to report to Baxton the escape of Lieut. Merriam, he hastened to the bedside of Mrs. McLane, now in sore need of medical attention.

Harriet Grafton has been heard to say that that afternoon and the night that followed made her ten years older, but her looks do not warrant the statement. Unquestionably she had a hard time, and might have had a much harder but for the opportune arrival at the post, just before sundown, of the lately blockaded lawyer, Mr. Edward Parry, of Chicago.

Meantime, utterly broken down and cut off now, for the first time since her marriage, from the soothing and comfort of the perilous drug to the use of which she had become wedded almost from the hour that she met McLane, poor self-absorbed Fanny was pouring out her story and her secret in almost incoherent ravings to her hostess. Dr. Leavitt, who had suspected the cause of her vagaries before, was confident of it when he was called in to prescribe, and quickly found the dainty little case that Grafton had discovered the day before. It was hours before she could be even measurably quieted, and meantime what a tale of shame and woe had she not poured into Harriet's astonished ears!

Strained from its ravings and incoherencies and straightened out in chronological order, the story resolved itself into this: John Harold McLane was a southern sympathizer as a young man, and went to California during the war, provided with a liberal allowance and an opportunity of embarking in business. At Sacramento he fell into the clutches of a notorious household. "Old man Perkins" had three handsome daughters and a scheming wife. The mother's aim was to marry those girls to wealthy men, and she had succeeded as to two of them, and McLane fell a victim to the plot and was married to the third. A son, John H., Jr., was born to them in June, '67, and trouble of every kind followed. The sisters had quarreled with their respective lords, one of whom had abandoned his wife and gone to Japan, while the other, even more desperate, had gone, self-dedicated, to his grave. McLane's home people refused to recognize any of the Perkins stock and cut off the young fellow's allowance. Old man Perkins, therefore, had three married daughters and one son-in-law on his hands and pandemonium reigned within his gates. He had to order the eldest daughter out of the house, and she revenged herself by eloping with a man who deserted wife and children to run away with this magnificently handsome creature, a thing he mourned in sackcloth and ashes until, his money vanishing, she ran off with another victim and left him poor indeed, yet vastly better off than when he had her.

McLane's wife was the best of the three in disposition, but that was saying little, and when all his money was gone they fairly kicked him out of doors, and he, in desperation, drifted to Nevada and the mines, just in the days when colossal fortunes were being made by men who were wielding pick and shovel. At the very time old Perkins' people were trying to get a divorce, alleging desertion and failure to support, McLane loomed up at Virginia City as part owner of a lode that paid like the Comstock, and his Sacramento wife, who was believed to be deeply in love with a steamboat engineer, proved that she wasn't by journeying to Virginia City with her little boy and reclaiming her now prosperous husband. There they lived in style, and the Perkins household came to visit them and remained indefinitely, until the bickering drove McLane mad and he "skipped to Frisco," where every deal he made in the stock market went his way, and he became a millionaire before he was 30. Again his pretty but low-bred wife followed, and again he honestly tried to make the best of his bargain; but her mad extravagance and the ceaseless incursions of mother and sister-in-law were too much for him. One day there came a crash and much of his fortune was swept away. He had to break up his San Francisco home and go back to Virginia City, and a furious quarrel followed, in which he ordered the Perkinses never to darken his doors again, and lo! his wife sided with her sister and elected to go with them. McLane would gladly have parted with them all, but he had grown to love his boy. When once more, a year later, fortune smiled on him, and, with a new bank account, he came down to San Francisco, the Perkinses had dis-

appeared. Two of the sisters were living the lives of adventuresses. Old Perkins was dead and buried, and no one knew where the rest had gone—a host of Sacramento tradesmen wished they could find out.

Then McLane came east, bringing his sheaves with him, and his family not unnaturally forgave and welcomed him. Prosperity followed him. He fairly coined money, and Uncle Abe Mellen was only too glad to have him as a partner; and then after a lapse of years, when he thought her dead and honestly wished her so, his blissful bachelor life was broken in upon by the reappearance of his Sacramento wife, now a handsome woman of nearly 40, and a stalwart stripling whom he recognized at once as his long-lost son. For two years he provided for her and tried to educate the boy, but never again acknowledged her as his wife, and so long as she was amply paid and housed, lodged and cared for, she never protested. Mac's club friends sometimes winked and nudged each other when the tall young fellow appeared at the waiting-room with a letter, or when occasionally a dashing-looking woman patroled the neighborhood until he would come out and join her. The boy was wild and wouldn't study, and was expelled from the schools at which he was entered by the name of Perkins, and the landlords complained of the people Mrs. Perkins received and entertained; then Mac put the young man in Mellen's bank, and there he was when the Hayward nieces came back from Europe, and Charlotte married Ned Parry and Fan wished to marry Merriam. It was J. H. McLane, Jr., who did Uncle Abe's work for him and went around among Merriam's creditors and got them to unite in their complaint to the war department; but by that time he had seen something of Randy, had "taken a shine to him," as he expressed it, and when he learned that Merriam had been banished to the frontier as a consequence he told the old man that he was done with that sort of dirty work, and was minded to go and confess to Miss Hayward what he had done. To buy him off Mellen gave him all the money he needed and bade him go and live the life he always longed to live, that of a prospector and miner in the Sierras. McLane, the father, was away and had been away for several months. Mrs. McLane, the mother, after a furious quarrel with her protector something over a year before, had agreed to return to California and never trouble him again upon payment of a big, round sum in cash. She would not listen to a pension, and the story that came to the husband's ears soon after was that at last his Sacramento wife had rewarded the fidelity of her old friend, the steamboat engineer; but the lawyers sent to trace the matter were confronted by unlooked-for news—unwelcome news, and therefore news they fully investigated before reporting, since, if true, it would put an end to what promised to be a most profitable case. That \$25,000 was practically wasted—Mrs. John H. McLane was dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Ancient Gallantry.

The respect and veneration paid to the fair sex formed an essential ingredient in chivalry. This, it is supposed, was derived from the customs of the primitive Germans, whose females are represented to have been very high-spirited and to have exercised considerable sway over the other sex. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, certain it is that a high species of gallantry forms the very spirit of modern chivalry; and, as a proof of this we have only to refer to the classification of a knight's duty, to fear God and love the ladies, to perceive how necessary female adoration is to the very existence of this order. This principle of female adoration, so prominently displayed in every aspect of chivalry, extended its influence to the laws of the times; for we find James II. of Arragon ordering in this manner: "We will that every man, who shall be in company with a lady, past and unmolested unless he be guilty of murder." And Lewis II., duke of Bourbon, instituting the order of the Golden Shield, enjoins his knights to honor above all, the ladies, and not permit anyone to slander them; "because," adds he, "from them, after God, comes all the honor that man can acquire."—N. Y. Ledger.

Burying Them One by One. "Yes," remarked an enterprising colored pastor, in one of the southern cities, "I've done had a powerful lot o' trouble in my ch'ch. On yeah I had all de deacons ag'in me to once. Dey kep' a-sayin' foh me to go; but I says: 'No, cruders, I'm not de one fur to depart. If dere's any emygratin' fur to be done, it's you dat'll do it.' Fin'ly dey prevailin' got so frequent like, dat I done come right out on 'em in one ob my red-hottest suhmuns. I shook my fingers at 'em right in de meetin'; and I says: 'You deacons dah—you! just a-workin' a-workin' for yoah selves; I'm a-workin' foh de good Laud; an' I'm a-goin' to stay heah in dis church till I buries every one ob you.' An' it wa'n't very long befoah I did bury one of 'em, an' de oders dey got mos' powerful scart, an' I don't never have any moah trouble after dat." And the sable shepherd lighted his pipe, gently collapsing into noiseless reminiscence.—Every Where.

## Pains and Aches

Of Rheumatism Make Countless Thousands Suffer.

But this disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes the acid in the blood. If you have any symptoms of rheumatism take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and do not waste time and money on unknown preparations. The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is unquestioned and its record of cures unequalled.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine for Rheumatism. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

### FORCE OF HABIT.

He Was Used to Standing in Street Cars and He Grabbed for the Straps.

It was at the Himblich-Mimmikin wedding reception.

The crush was terrible. People with tender feet uttered half-suppressed groans here and there, and weak women would have fainted if there had been any hope that fainting would have done the least good.

Ever and anon Burbank would make a frantic grab for something above his head, and then looked disappointed.

Lambert watched him reach up half a dozen times, and then edged his way through the crowd to where his friend was being jostled about.

Just as he got there somebody gave a lurch somewhere, and the people began to sway about as they do in crowds where there are nervous or mischievous persons who insist on pushing.

Burbank was almost carried off his feet, and he made a frantic effort to grasp the invisible something that he had previously endeavored to find above his head.

"See here, old man," exclaimed Lambert, "what are you trying to find up there?"

Burbank gave a start, as if he had just been aroused from a trance, looked sheepishly at his friend, and then replied:

"It's force of habit. This crowd makes me think, every little while, that I'm in a street car, and, involuntarily, I reach for the strap, whenever the people begin to lurch."—Cleveland Leader.

### When True Love Quits.

If the engagement lasts long enough, the girl grows careless and makes her appearance before her steady in her kitchen clothes, and with her hair uncombed. Then Love, in the man's heart, folds its tired hands on its breast and breathes its last.—Acheson Globe.

### It All Depended.

The General—I have stood unmoved when shells were bursting round me. Could you?

The Actor—Well, that would depend a great deal on the age of the eggs.—Stray Stories.

New Form of an Old Question.—"So you wish to marry my daughter?" "Yes, sir." "Well, can you support her in that condition of idleness to which she has always been accustomed?"—Chicago Daily Record.

Never be at your place of business when a person wants to borrow money of you, because if you are in you will be out, but if you are out you will be in.—Town and Country Journal.

There is, after all, no man so ornery as the one who marries his landlady to avoid paying his board bill.—Acheson Globe.

## THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 235 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. AMOS TROMBLEAT, Ellensburg, Ctr., N. Y., writes:

"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."



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WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., 100 Winchester Ave., NEW HAVEN, CONN.







### Parsnip Complexion.

It does not require an expert to detect the sufferer from kidney trouble. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the dark, puffy circles under the eyes, the sallow parsnip colored complexion indicates it. A physician would ask if you had rheumatism, a dull pain or ache in the back or over the hips, stomach trouble, desire to urinate often, or a burning or scalding in passing; if after passing there is an unsatisfied feeling as if it must be at once repeated, or if the urine has a brick dust deposit or strong odor. When these symptoms are present, no time should be lost in removing the cause.

Delay may lead to gravel, catarrh of the bladder, inflammation, causing stoppage, and sometimes requiring the drawing of the urine with instruments, or may run into Bright's Disease, the most dangerous stage of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, is a positive remedy for such diseases. Its reputation is worldwide and it is so easy to get at any drug store that no one need suffer any length of time for want of it.

However, if you prefer to first test its wonderful merits, mention THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD and write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and book telling all about it, both sent absolutely free by mail.

### Goebel's Friends.

The friends of Senator Goebel in nearly every part of the state have made strenuous efforts to draw every political incident into the governor's race. Presumably to give Mr. Goebel a boom in his race, such as their attempt at Owensboro to send a Goebel delegation to the Railroad Commissioner's convention at Hopkinsville, and their trying to control the convention after it met and their effort to control the legislative nomination in Harrison county last Saturday, which resulted in the decisive defeat of Claude Desha, the Goebel candidate, and in fact in nearly every incident their efforts have resulted in a flat failure.

They are straws indicating which way the political winds are blowing, and a few of his friends are already beginning to see that Mr. Goebel's chances for a nomination are not what they wish them, nor even what they thought them a little while ago, and growing somewhat desperate over their fading prospects, some of his friends have so far lost their heads as to call upon Senator Blackburn as the man who can stay the unwise and personal canvass which they themselves have inaugurated. They have been warned time and again against such a campaign, as being detrimental, not only to their own candidate, but to the best interests of the party, but in their mad career they have heeded the admonition of none. As a result, to save their sinking ship, every scheme known to politics will be resorted to. An appeal to Democrats for party harmony, the sending of uninstructed delegations to the convention, and in some instances the instructing of delegations for some minor offices will all come in for their share. But the main scheme, when they see, as others already see, that Mr. Goebel's chances are small, will be a combination of his friends with the friends of other candidates, and the hue and cry of a dark horse for harmony's sake, hoping that out of the combinations and confusion they may accomplish their purpose.

The friends of other gubernatorial candidates might just as well line up, take a firm stand, and prepare to meet and defeat every proposition of the Covington statesman and his friends, for they will have to measure arms with their machine system at every turn in the campaign until the nomination is made. —Winchester Sun.

### The Laborer is Worthy His Hire.

Thankful to the people of this and the surrounding community for their liberal patronage since I have been a practicing physician at Hazel Green, I wish to say to those who have paid me that I am ready to answer any or all professional calls night or day, and will take pleasure in doing so. But to those who have never paid me anything, I desire to say that I will take it as a special favor if you will pay me, at least a part of my bill, or else employ some other physician, for I cannot afford to practice for you any more on promises. Now, if you don't mean to pay me what you owe me, for my sake and the sake of my children don't send after me.

With respect to all,  
A. C. NICKELL, M. D.

### Will Suffer the Fate of Tray.

Col. Charlie Lewis, of the Shelbyville Sentinel, is one of Senator Goebel's strongest friends, and lends to the Senator's candidacy an able support. With a few more Lewises to fight for him the Covington man might win. It is a pity that Charlie must be beaten.—Cynthiana Democrat.

### When You Have a Bad Cold.

This remedy is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough and influenza. It has become famous for its cures of these diseases, over a large part of the civilized world. The most flattering testimonials have been received, giving accounts of its good works; of the aggravating and persistent coughs it has cured; of severe colds that have yielded promptly to its soothing effects, and of the dangerous attacks of croup it has cured, often saving the life of the child. The extensive use of it for whooping cough has shown that it robs that disease of all dangerous consequences. Sold by J. T. Day.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

Lexington Herald.

### A NEW YORK WOMAN

Lifts Up Her Voice in Behalf of Convict Editor Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade—Wants Him Released.

The letter which follows, and its accompanying articles, need no comment: NEW YORK, March 11, 1899.

Editor the Morning Herald: Dear Sir—The enclosed is sent me by Miss Mabel Gilford, of Needham, Mass., who in common with many other bright, intellectual people, is greatly shocked at the outrage upon Mr. Moore. Miss Gilford asks me to dispose of the article where it will do the most good, and I can think of no better way of disposing of it than to send it to one of the editors who has spoken so generously of the eccentric victim of legal hypocrisy. Should you not care to print this kindly return it to yours respectfully.

INJUSTICE TO MOORE.

As this country has "justice" displayed on its standard, every act of injustice that comes to the knowledge of the people should be made known to all the people, that they may demand of their representatives that which they desire them to perform. The conviction and imprisonment of C. C. Moore is a case in question. Whether we approve of the Blue Grass Blade or its publisher is not what is under consideration, but the fact that Mr. Moore has not had a fair trial and has been convicted by prejudice instead of justice is a call to all lovers of justice to raise their voices in protest. No doubt many of us would rejoice to be able to convert Mr. Moore or to see his paper sink into oblivion, but that does not make it right to practice injustice upon either himself or his paper. "By fair means, or foul" is not the Christian's motto, yet by foul means Mr. Moore is today serving a two years' sentence in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio.

Now, we may not know whether Mr. Moore is a conscientious man and really believes his paper is elevating humanity, but we do know many who are shocked and angered over his paper, and yet practice things which they condemn either secretly or openly, in their private lives. Many who call themselves good citizens and good Christians indulge in impure talk and impure deeds, who condemn the same in print. If it is good to think and good to talk and good to act, why is it not good to print?

Be just; do not condemn a man for what you are guilty of. Even the bold Pharisees went out silently when Jesus said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Here are two points then, for those of us who are sincere in desiring justice for all—Not to condemn a man or his work for that which we ourselves practice; and not to permit any man to be sentenced and imprisoned without a fair trial. LUCY LIGHTMAN.

### Coughed 25 Years.

I suffered for 25 years with a cough, and spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicine to no avail until I used Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This remedy makes weak lungs strong. It has saved my life.—J. B. Russell, Grantsburg, Ill.

### HOWARD'S FIRST CLIENT.

He Came On Mighty Particular Business, But It Was Not A Divorce.

When Representative M. W. Howard, the populist member from Alabama, first hung out his shingle as a lawyer he was 19 years of age. His patience was nearly exhausted by days spent in vain waiting for his first client to come, when one day he heard a knock at the door. On calling "Come in!" a darkey known as Sam, stepped into the little office.

"What can I do for you?" the lawyer asked as visions of his first fee came to him.

"Scuse me sah," said Sam, "but 'deed I wants to see you on partikler business." Mr. Howard, thinking that the man most likely wanted a divorce, said: "Sit down and explain everything carefully."

"Deed, sah, I would like to close de door, fo' de bizness am mighty pertikler," said Sam. After having closed the door he took the proffered chair. Then he explained:

"Sah, I has a gurl in Georgah dat I wants you to write a letter to fo' me." "Do you love her?" asked the lawyer.

"Do you want to marry her? Does she love you?" and many questions of a like nature.

To all these questions Sam replied: "Suttinly."

The replies being satisfactory, he proceeded to write the letter. After having finished it he read it to Sam to see whether it agreed with his ideas.

"Scuse me boss," said Sam scratching his woolly head: "scuse me if I offer a suggestion; I would like to put something else in dar also; something like dis:

De roses am red,

And de violets bloo;

De pinks am pretty,

And so is you.

And having put it in, Howard asked if that was all. Sam scratched his woolly head a minute and then said: "Boss, dar am one mo' thing dat ought to go in dar—dis: 'I hopes dat you will 'scuse de pore, miserable writin' and de bad spellin'."—Washington Post.

Rev. E. Edwards, pastor of the English Baptist Church at Minersville, Pa., when suffering with rheumatism, was advised to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says: "A few applications of this liniment proved of great service to me. It subdued the inflammation and relieved the pain. Should any sufferer profit by giving Pain Balm a trial it will please me." For sale by J. T. Day.

### SWANGO SPRINGS SAYINGS.

Miss Nannie Swango is visiting relatives in your town this week.

Willie Alexander, of Daysboro, was at this place on business last week.

Grant Lacy, of Hazel Green, gave the Spring a business call Thursday.

Harmon Swango and his son, Rush, made a business trip to McCausey last week.

Granville Taulbee, who lived on the farm of J. T. Day, has moved to a house on H. H. Swango's land.

Mrs. Margaret Oney and her two daughters, Misses Callie and Mollie, visited in the vicinity of Daysboro Sunday.

Miss Lillie Cecil and Miss Ella Kash, of Hazel Green, were visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Swango Saturday.

Miss Alice Collins, of color, who formerly lived on Grassy, has moved into the Steele property which is situated in this neighborhood.

March 27.

USO.

### TOLIVER TOPICS.

Jim Handy moved to Willie Clark's last week.

Millard Hill, of Menefee, was at Toliver Sunday.

B. F. Boling has gone to Cincinnati on business.

Dr. Silas Kash, of Hazel Green, was at Toliver last week.

Jim Oldfield, of Grassy creek, visited W. A. Oldfield Sunday.

Howard Mannin is moving to Brushy fork. Jim Elkins is going to move this week.

Marion Toliver and Berry Robinson went to Bourbon county last week on business.

Misses Nannie Toliver and Emma Cox were the guests of Miss Lou Catron Sunday.

Elders Harlan Murphy, Banford Mannin and W. B. Yocum are holding a meeting at Grassy school house this week.

March 27.

SHINER.

### STILLWATER SPARKLES.

Elisha Chambers is very low with fever at this writing.

Judge G. T. Center is moving to his farm on this creek.

Roy Smith, of Jackson, was visiting on this creek last week.

F. F. Cecil sold a scrub cow and calf to T. F. Stamper for \$32.

J. B. Hollon is getting along slow with his stove and the contract on Trace fork.

J. T. Day is about to close out his store at the bridge, where G. B. Rose is acting as his salesman.

The singing school at the bridge will be carried on every Saturday and Sunday for the next ten weeks.

We are proud to receive "the dear old HERALD" once more and know that the editor is himself again.

Joel Gevedon and B. D. Rose are running their distillery in full blast, and have about 70 hogs to drink the slop.

There has been so much moving on this creek, from house to house, that they are too numerous to mention.

Squire J. W. Chambers has taken a logging contract on Parch Corn. About 10,000 feet to haul to a tramroad.

Rev. John Wilson has opened a singing school at the bridge with about 25 scholars in attendance the first day, to start with.

The school district on the Trace fork has lost several pupils by the superintendent making a new district on the Rocky branch.

Ed Saulsbury, Robt. Moore and Green Garrett, who organized a stove and tie company at Clay City, were among us last week, looking for stove and tie contracts.

Two Mormon elders are the guests of S. J. Wells, one of their members, on this creek, and preaching at a few private houses as they are not allowed to preach in school houses.

T. F. Dunn, of this place, who joined the U. S. Army in January, 1899, is now at Fort Ethan Allen in the 3rd U. S. cavalry, and writes that he is well satisfied and proud that he went to that place.

March 27.

OMEGA.

### DAYSBORO DOINGS.

Morgan Spencer went to Hazel Green Saturday.

Rev. Sam. Taulbee, of Lee City, was in Daysboro.

H. C. Lacy and wife were visiting his parents Sunday.

Dr. Nickell, of Hazel Green, was in Daysboro Sunday.

Thomas Tolson went to Hazel Green one day this week.

Marion Brooks, of Gillmore, was in this neighborhood Sunday.

A little child of John E. Nickell has been quite sick for a few days.

Mrs. J. P. Spencer, of Lumbia, Ky., is visiting her father, John E. Brooks.

Harlin Nickell, of Grassy creek, was in Daysboro one day last week on business.

Taylor Tolson, of Campton, is visiting his son-in-law, Alf Creech, near Daysboro.

W. G. W. Cruey and wife, of Lacy creek, were in this neighborhood, one day last week.

Mrs. Miles Nickell and her charming daughter, Miss Nora, were in Daysboro one day last week.

M. B. Amyx is still "holding down the counter" at Oscar Wallen's store, but says he is soon going to work.

Misses May and Nevada Nickell, of Hazel Green, spent Saturday and Sunday with friends and relatives in and around Daysboro.

Hon. Green Garrett, of Bowen, our friend, Robert Moore, of Clay City, and Jolly Ed. Saulsbury, of the state at large, passed through Daysboro one day last week.

We had the pleasure of spending a few hours Thursday with "Uncle Remus," of Gillmore, and we find that he is still a Democrat fashioned like unto Wat Hardin.

Lee and Asbury Brooks went to Salyersville Thursday to see Wes Bailey, who got his leg broke on a raft a few miles below West Liberty, last Tuesday. Wes was doing very well, but says he don't want to go down the river on another load of poles.

Prof. Drue Lacy, of Lacy creek, asked us to say that he was an applicant for the position that none but himself could fill, the appointing power being a young lady, and that he was then on his way to see her. His motto is: "Bless the people everywhere."

CHARLIE.

Old papers 20c. a hundred.

### MAYTOWN MISSEIVES.

Dr. Grant Spradling, of Sollier, was here this morning.

Noah Lyons is improving his storeroom by an addition.

We now have the most interesting Sunday-school ever known here.

Mr. Sewell, I like your thoughts on a social problem. Come again.

Mrs. Lida Oakley and Mrs. Sarah Wills attended meeting at Union Sunday.

E. M. Pieratt and M. D. Blackwell were guests of Miss Francis Sweeney Sunday.

Farmers are preparing for the beautiful month of April that Aunt Easter is going to bring with her.

Mrs. Elbert Sample and daughter, Miss Zeola, left Saturday for their home in Montgomery county.

Jordan Wills attended meeting at Greasy Sunday, and reports an interesting sermon and a congregation of about 300.

Uncle Arch Day, father and grandfather of the Day families near Maytown, is very ill at this writing with little hope of his recovery.

Wake up, all ye correspondents. We'd like to hear from each of you. Strive to brighten up our paper with something interesting and new.

Bro. Ellis, the evangelist, returned Monday, March 20th, and preached us three very interesting sermons. He left for Union Thursday to hold a ten days' meeting.

Mr. Sample, one of our leading men, was this morning planting beautiful shade trees around the sulphur springs, for which he has the especial thanks of our people.

THE HERALD is always a welcome guest and makes us happy. "Twill always be, as it brings us news from friends and sweethearts whom we, perhaps, never more may see.

March 27.

HAZEL EYES.

Croquet is the most interesting feature in the way of games now in Hazel Green, and the young folks are enjoying it immensely.

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### GREENBACKS

or Government Money.

At close of our Civil War in 1865,

there appeared in the London Times the following:

"If that mischievous financial policy which had its origin in the North American Republic during the late Civil War in that country, should become indurated down to a fixture, then that government will furnish its money without cost. It will have all the money that is necessary to carry on its trade and commerce. It will become prosperous beyond precedent in the history of civilized nations of the world. The brain and wealth of all countries will go to North America. THAT GOVERNMENT MUST BE DESTROYED OR IT WILL DESTROY EVERY MONARCHY ON THIS GLOBE."

The famous Hazzard circular, to capitalists in New York, and the Buell Bank circular to United States Bankers, both emanating from London, and the fabulous corruption fund raised in England and Germany, estimated at \$1,500,000, were the agents that secured the closing of our mints against silver.

The "walk into my parlor" policy of England, during and since the Spanish War, is the latest evidence of English Diplomacy in shaping the destiny of the United States Government.

Notwithstanding the famine price of wheat, the Spanish War, and fabulous expenditures of money by our government during the past year, gold has increased in value eleven per cent. and all other values decreased in the same proportion.

For a thorough understanding of the money question, or silver issue, the Cincinnati Enquirer has uniformly given evidence of its ability to teach, explain and produce all facts and truth. It is a paper that ought and can be read by all classes with pleasure and profit.